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Preventing the Next Railway Strike

IF all that mattered were the behaviour of the parties concerned in the first big official strike since the outbreak of war, we could sit back and indulge in a bout of British self-congratulation. Everyone has been splendid. The travelling public was long-suffering as usual. Industry avoided lay-offs by welcome feats of improvisation. The T.U.C. has been actively statesmanlike, and finally Sir Walter Monckton has atoned for the Prime Minister's broadcast *gaffe* by surpassing even his own norm of conciliatory skill. The result of all this virtue is a delicately poised settlement.

Yet the ugly fact remains that—whatever Lord Justice Morris in his capacity as referee decides, and however loyally the two unions keep their promise to stop leap-frogging—this settlement finally settles nothing. What it provides is an armistice in which a durable settlement could be negotiated.

The job of peace-making falls on the Government. As Sir John Cameron, presiding over the Court of Inquiry into the last rail dispute, pointed out, Parliament cannot shirk its duty to ensure decent wages and conditions to the employees of a nationalised industry. Nor can the Government wash its hands of the business by arguing that the B.T.C. is responsible for managing the railways. That argument has been invalidated by the fact that whenever a strike is in the offing, the Government has actively intervened in the Commission's affairs. The blunt fact is that the reconstruction of our transport system requires continuous Government intervention over a period of years. It is mere evasion for Mr. Butler to "encourage" the B.T.C. to raise the necessary funds on the market. If we want our railways to become, once again, a public service of which we can be proud and in which good morale promotes efficiency, the British tax-payer must pay the bill. That means, of course, a subsidy. What is reasonable is that the subsidy should only be given for a limited number of years, and on the express condition that the B.T.C. and the unions agree specifically on the steps necessary to put their own houses in order. We would urge, once again for instance, that the leaders of the three railway unions should work out the structure of a confederation of railway workers which would help them to avoid jurisdictional disputes, and to achieve the new, simplified wage structure which is for the common good of all railwaymen.

Unfortunately, however, there is no hope that a Tory Government, which surrendered to a powerful lobby and recklessly denationalised road haulage, would contemplate for one moment a return to the comprehensive plan for an integrated transport system that Labour envisaged. So the danger of recurring railway crises will remain. The Government has gained a breathing space, but the country is only too likely to be once more faced with the threat of another strike even more difficult to avoid or to end than that we have just experienced.

This bankruptcy of Tory transport policy provides the Opposition with its first opportunity for a Socialist challenge to the Government. When the strike is debated next week, the long-term lessons must be driven home; and in the coming months the Labour Party should present to the public the full-scale plan for transport reorganisation which was so notably absent from its election manifesto *Forward With Labour*. Here is the first and most urgent piece of Socialist re-thinking which needs to be done. It should be undertaken at once by the National Executive of the Labour Party, in close consultation with the T.U.C.; and when the blue-print has been drawn up, it should be sold, first to the rank-and-file of the Labour movement, and then to the general public in a carefully planned campaign of political education.

The News in Review

At Home

LAST Tuesday saw the settlement of the rail strike on its seventeenth day in accordance with a formula which makes a real assessment of the gains and losses impossible until Lord Justice Morris, the referee, announces the size of the wage increases. More significant, perhaps, than the terms of the settlement itself is the fact that the Transport Commission has been compelled to accept the principle of a consequential rise for the skilled grades in the N.U.R. This, coupled with Mr. Baty's promise not to "leap-frog," may provide at long last the beginning of an opportunity for an overall grading of railway wages by degrees of skill.

Meanwhile, the 20,000 stevedores remain on strike. On Wednesday, after a week of correspondence between the union and the T.U.C., the Government, freed of the worry of the rail strike, began to show signs of activity. T.U.C. representatives were summoned to Number 10, the Port Employers and the union to the Ministry of Labour. On the same day, Mr. Newman, assistant general secretary of the union, was quoted as saying that considerable strides had been made towards a settlement.

In the liner strike, whose course remains strangely obscure and unreported, attempts to bring off the *Queen Elizabeth* crew failed, but, as we go to press, the strikers have had some little success with the *Queen Mary*. The Cunard sailings continue to be disorganised, especially in Liverpool, and both the company and the National Union of Seamen remain adamant in their refusal to treat with the strikers in any way.

PARLIAMENTARY interest in Britain has been scarcely distracted by an almost uniquely dull Queen's Speech from the manoeuvrings in the Labour leadership. Early last week, it seemed as if the Right-wing move against Mr. Attlee was too powerful to be resisted, and that his retirement from the leadership was assured when Parliament reassembled after the summer holiday. Once again, however, Mr. Attlee has shown his astonishing flair for party tactics. By allowing it to be known that he was contemplating early retirement—and thus confronting his party with the appalling prospect of having to choose a successor—he rallied the whole of the Left and Centre in an irresistible plea that he should stay indefinitely. Mr. Whiteley, by marked contrast, was offered no such respite. Whatever the full consequences of these decisions on the health of the party, it seems reasonable to deduce that Mr. Morrison's chance of ever succeeding to the leadership has become very remote. Meanwhile, Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Ede (both, with varying degrees of personal rudeness, disclaiming Mr. Dalton's leadership) have announced that they will not stand against younger men for places in the Shadow Cabinet. Together with Sir Frank Soskice's absence from Parliament, at least four new members, excluding the Chief Whip, must now be elected.

MR. DOM MINTOFF, Prime Minister of Malta, arrived in London this week for talks with the Colonial Office about the constitutional status of the island. The real significance of his proposals is that they call the bluff of conventional colonialism: the Maltese demand for integration in the U.K. is just as embarrassing to Whitehall as the more common colonial demand for independence. The whole question of Malta's future is a tangle of economic problems in a church-ridden island which has never had a healthy economy. These are complicated by strategic considerations, and finally tied into a tight knot by an impossible constitution. In the past, varying formulæ have been evolved to meet the special circumstances of Ireland, India and Pakistan. Given goodwill, which means a basic agreement on status, an effective constitutional improvisation ought to be possible on this occasion. It is fortunate for both Britain and Malta that the present crisis comes at a time when the Malta Labour Party has been victorious in the elections, and the anti-British Italianates have been discredited. Mr. Mintoff is, however, in a strong position in relation to the British Government, for if he should be discredited in Malta, the gain would go to the pro-Italians.

MR. NORMAN MANLEY, Chief Minister of Jamaica, now in London, has launched an inquiry into the problems of Jamaicans emigrating to Britain. The inquiry will be conducted by Dr. Clarence Senior, a sociologist from Columbia University, who has done admirable research on Puerto Rican immigration into New York. His wide terms of reference will permit him to study employment and public relations problems in the big British cities, and also to analyse the motives and character of the ten thousand Jamaicans who leave their home island every year.

NEWS which will have a gravely unsettling effect in British shipyards was the announcement on Tuesday that the Shaw Savill line have placed an order for three general cargo ships with a German shipyard. At the same time, one further similar ship has been ordered from Harland and Wolff in Belfast. In releasing this news the company made it plain that all other British firms which tendered had been beaten on both price and delivery date. As it is, the Harland and Wolff contract contains an escalator clause covering possible increases in wage and material costs which could theoretically permit an indefinite rise in the cost of the Belfast ship; while the similar clause in the German contract is limited to a rise of 3½ per cent. The German contract also guarantees, under penalty, delivery dates which, according to Shaw Savill, were "beyond the power of any British shipbuilder even to approach."

Overseas

THE Singapore general strike has been less violent than the authorities feared, and it is by no means clear how many of the seventy thousand workers called out in fact answered the call. But the response has been sufficiently great to suggest that the new Left breakaway union movement has already gained substantial support. The occasion for the strike was nominally a sympathetic gesture towards 1,300 dock clerks who have been striking for six weeks, but it was given new impetus by the arrest of six leaders at the weekend for "coercion endangering the immediate welfare and security." Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister, has left himself no choice but to take stern measures against certain leaders, lest hesitation permits the movement to get out of hand. But he must take equally decisive action to reform labour laws and working conditions in Singapore. The unrest that swept him into office also underlies the industrial dispute. Perhaps the most important and overdue reform would be to bring the dockyard employees under the Colony's labour code, instead of leaving pay and conditions in the hands of the Admiralty. Most troubles in Singapore lead back by one route or another to the Base.

THE Dutch have produced a printed document making unsavoury charges against the Indonesians. They no longer press the untenable suggestion that Holland has some kind of right to insist on an English advocate pleading in Djakarta on behalf of 34 Dutchmen accused of various kinds of subversion. Their document also makes it plain that some of the prisoners are likely enough to be guilty of joining in fanatical Darul Islam military activities against the Indonesian Government. They have moved to firmer ground in complaining that the prisoners were many months in jail without trial, and that today, after their Dutch counsel had decamped (as a result of allegations made against him by witnesses in the trial) the prisoners are inadequately defended. They also repeat allegations, based on statements of the prisoners, that confessions have been extorted by police threats and beatings. The Indonesians point out that the trial is proceeding normally, is open to the public, is reported by Dutch and other journalists, and that there are plenty of able Dutch and Indonesian counsels who could be briefed for the defence.

THE carefully planned retaliation raid at Gaza last spring had the effect of setting off a vicious spiral of incidents all along this sandy frontier; of stimulating the Great Powers into unwonted activity, and finally of giving Colonel Nasser the chance to win some sympathy by proposing the creation of a neutralised zone. This proposal must be extremely embarrassing to Mr. Sharrett, particularly since it comes at the beginning of a general election campaign in Israel. After the unsatisfactory experience of the neutralised belt along the Syrian frontier, no Israeli can want to see even a few square miles of the Negev treated in a similar way: nor can he feel much confidence in the British proposal to increase the number of United Nations armistice patrols. Such plans leave the basic problem untouched. What Israel needs is a peace settlement, or at least the beginning of peace negotiations with one of its Arab neighbours, preferably Egypt. But what Israeli Activists have done is to enable Colonel Nasser to propose the kind of negotiations which still permit Egypt to maintain the state of undeclared war with Israel. On this point, we accept the Israeli criticism of the Nasser plan. But we must add that if the Israelis want Western help in bringing the Arabs to the conference table, they must practise co-existence as well as talk it.

THE dispute between President Peron and the Catholic Church became more violent last weekend. After Peron had banned the Corpus Christi procession, a body of Catholic demonstrators sought to march from the cathedral in Buenos Aires to the Parliament building. The rioting that followed was used as a pretext for a Peronist counter-demonstration outside the cathedral on Monday, and to an assault on the palace of Cardinal Copello, the Argentine Primate. More than 1,000 Catholics have been arrested, and Peron is courting Papal intervention by expelling two senior members of the hierarchy.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Moroccan White Terror

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Lemaigre-Dubreuil, the controlling shareholder of the Casablanca daily, *Maroc-Presse*, was a millionaire and a man of action. During the war he was a bitter and effective opponent of the Vichy regime and played an important part in organising the Allied landings in North Africa. Since the war, he had created a powerful industrial empire in Morocco and had gradually assumed the leadership of the liberal French *colons*. In April, he acquired control of *Maroc-Presse* in order to provide a forum for responsible Arab leaders and moderate Frenchmen. As a result, he became the object of an unprecedented campaign of abuse and threats on the part of the *colon* extremists, and within recent weeks he had found it advisable to live in France. Last Saturday morning he flew to Casablanca from Paris and went straight to his flat in the centre of the city. Some days before, an intruder had attempted to force the flat's lock, and on Saturday itself a number of Frenchmen were seen to be watching the building. Although these facts were reported to the police no action was taken; nor was M. Dubreuil provided with an escort. At eleven in the evening he left the building to return to Paris, accompanied by M. Simon, one of his associates. A black *traction-avant*, which had been parked outside for some hours, drove past him as he was getting into his car; he was fired at and killed by a 9mm machine-gun, handled by someone who appears to have been a trained marksman. The number of the vehicle was taken down and reported. M. Simon, who was unhurt, returned to Paris on the advice of the police. M. Dubreuil's death brought the number of murders committed by French terrorists during the last three months to 86. So far, none of those responsible has been arrested. During the same period, the number of Arabs arrested for alleged Terrorist activities rose to over 3,000; of these, some 30 have been executed, died in prison, or shot "while attempting to escape."

The most alarming aspect of M. Dubreuil's murder is not that extremist *colons* are capable of killing liberal Frenchmen—they have been doing this for some months, both in Morocco and Tunisia—but that the murder was not prevented. M. Dubreuil's name was at the head of a list of victims drawn up by the French terrorist organisation over six months ago. On December 26, two members of the staff of *Maroc-Presse* forwarded a copy of the list, together with a full report on its authors, to the authorities in Rabat. A further report, compiled by M. Forestier, an ex-member of the organisation, was also sent to Rabat—a few days before Forestier was killed in an "accident." In April, M. Dubreuil himself presented a carefully compiled *dossier* to M. July, the Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs. For four months, the Cabinet in Paris has been in the possession of documentary evidence sufficient to incriminate, it is believed, some 80 terrorists, including several senior members of the Moroccan administration. In March, M. Roger Wybot, head of French Internal Security, was sent to Morocco to investigate charges against the Moroccan police. He brought back a voluminous report recommending sweeping changes in personnel and disciplinary measures against a number of individuals. The report was suppressed. Indeed in the heat of the moment, when M. Dubreuil's murder first reached Paris, M. July made a surprising disclosure. "Terrorist activities," he said, "are receiving support not only in Morocco but in Paris, where an odious campaign is being waged against my staff. . . . The Moroccan police organisation is insufficient and deficient. . . . I regret the measures I have taken so far have proved inadequate. . . ."

Whether the Government will now be forced to take action remains to be seen. M. Dubreuil was an influential man with friends in high places. His murder has provoked an outcry in the French Press, and early this week M. Mendès-France himself flew out to Casablanca to conduct a personal inquiry. Meanwhile M. July has sent M. Wybot to carry out a second investigation. Will his report be acted upon this time? And if so, will the guilty officials be arrested, dismissed or simply transferred? On Sunday M. July announced that "the Government is firmly resolved to take any measures necessary to restore order; no weakness will be tolerated." The observer who studies the composition of the Faure Government and its supporters may be pardoned if he remains a trifle sceptical.

Singapore

Mr. Cox and Mr. Lee

Our Malayan Correspondent writes: The move of an English stockbroker (of all people!) named Mr. Charles David Cox to unseat Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the anti-colonial, socialist, Peoples Action Party, has angered Malayan nationalists, and annoyed most of the thoughtful British community in the Colony. Mr. Cox, who has lived in Malaya for forty years, wants Mr. Lee thrown out of the Assembly because, strictly according to the law, Lee is not entitled to vote or be elected. The law says that a voter or candidate must have been in the Colony for seven full years before nomination day. Lee was not, because he was at Cambridge for three years learning law. But Lee Kuan Yew was born in Singapore, as were the previous three generations of his ancestors. It seems an odd sort of law which prevents a genuine citizen from exercising his normal rights and privileges, and it is doubtful if that was the intention of the law. But the wording seems clear. Lee's attitude is that, if he is ineligible, then the law as it stands is either a stupid blunder or else a straightforward political wangle designed to make it possible for European businessmen like Mr. John Ede, of the powerful Cathay Finance Organisation, to become Singapore Assemblymen, while keeping out genuine young Malayans like himself. Most assuredly Lee's followers—there are about 6,000 active members in the P.A.P.—will not understand or appreciate the delicacy of a legal quibble which stops a true Malayan from representing Malayan workers in the Assembly. Lee, moreover, is a widely popular figure. In the recent elections he obtained the largest majority of any candidate; and his party stands for complete independence immediately and constitutionally.

If Mr. Cox goes ahead and Lee is forced out of the Assembly, more trouble can almost certainly be expected. Those who profit from disorder can be expected to exploit the fact that it is a White man who wants to get a Chinese leader out of the Assembly. Since Chou En-lai's Geneva triumph, the Chinese of Malaya, in common with overseas Chinese everywhere, are especially conscious of their Chineseness; and this is a factor which must not be overlooked.

Westminster

Love Comes to Transport House

Near the barrier in the Central Lobby, earlier this week, you could have seen something as remarkable since 1940 as before then it was familiar. A dozen official strikers were lobbying their trade union Member. When Bevin said "Open house to the T.U.C. at every Ministry," the role of the Trade Union Group in the House began to shrink. No more demonstrations in the corridors; no more long debates on Committee points of labour Bills. The miner-M.P.'s work was done, said the Tories; he could be left to pasture in the tea-room. For henceforward everything was going to be cosy. The trench-warfare in the Chamber was finished. The whole thing could be done on the telephone between Smith of the T.U.C. and Sir Godwin Mort of the Ministry. A hitch? Smith reaches for his homburg and brief-case, pops in a taxi to St. James' Square—and in next to no time the whole business is settled. As the lift-attendant takes this familiar of the Ministry down, he wonders to himself which Department Mr. Smith is in—Finance or Catering.

And so the new Mines Act, unlike the original, bitterly contested Bill, arrives at the House already polished and edited by the officials, waiting only for Parliament's *imprimatur*. The projected Bill on conditions in non-industrial establishments is already on the way to agreement between the Ministry and the Unions. Churchill and Eden have learnt that, on the whole, it's easier to deal with officials, when labour has a seller's market, than with politicians. And if by any chance there's trouble—well, they can always send for Monckton. The gentle voice, the patient smile, the striped pants—when Walter goes wooing, a *frisson* passes through the Unions. The irresistible Sir Walter takes them as they come, big or small. They argue, they protest, they yield. A.S.L.E.F., N.U.R., T. & G.W.—they're all on the score-board. If Monckton had moustachios, he could be forgiven if he stroked them as he chalked up yet another kill. Let the Old Buffers' Brigade write letters to the press asking for Draconian measures against the strikers. That's all right for elections at Cheltenham. But Monckton is careful to speak softly to the unions.

For the time being, the nature of the two Tory Parties is, in fact, best illustrated by their attitude to the strikes. "Outlaw them," wrote Mr. Cyril Osborne in *The Times* the other day. He received for his pains a friendly face-slapping in the same newspaper by Mr. Fletcher-Cooke, a barrister and a contemporary of Watkinson, Monckton's assistant at the Ministry of Labour. The trouble with the earnest younger Tories like Watkinson —though Fletcher-Cooke is an exception—is that they make everything seem so terribly dull. Monckton kills 'em with kindness. With Watkinson handling it, a strike might easily expire of boredom. But the Churchill inheritance remains. Drive a wedge between the T.U.C., with special attention to the General Purposes Committee, on the one side and the constituent unions and their Parliamentary friends on the other. "Let the T.U.C. look after policy," the Tories advise Labour's trade union Members. "And you look after yourselves." But the Trade Union Group isn't falling for that one. The able younger men like Lee and Brown who will take a lively share in the Party's recasting of policy know that the problems of nationalised industry, automation and differentials can't be charmed away by Monckton's smile.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Hope for the World ?

THE world has grown so sick of hope deferred that we scarcely know the difference between a booby trap and a chance of salvation. Mr. Dulles, in particular, has so often suggested that only dupes (like the British and Indians) can expect any good from talking to Communists, that he now approaches the Four Power meeting arranged for July 18 as gingerly as a dog sniffing at a hedgehog. When he asks "Have the Russians really changed?" he neatly confuses the public, which may not at once tumble to the distinction between a change of ultimate philosophy and a new tactical phase, in which there is a genuine opportunity of ending the Cold War.

We must not confuse the caution of Mr. Dulles with present American policy. That, too, seems to have changed, much as Soviet policy has changed. At last, Mr. Eisenhower talks as if he believes some sort of peace possible, and "trust Papa," as an American expert put it, is the prevailing mood of America. The President can even talk of having correspondence with "his old friend Zhukov," and the heavens remain standing over the White House. Mr. Truman would have been impeached if he had ever dared to say half as much. I have asked half a dozen informed American spokesmen in the last fortnight how long this new mood will last, and they all replied that though, of course, Nixon is still dangerous, and America the most moody of countries, the betting in their view is that the warmongers are defeated for quite a time, and that U.S. opinion will be patient, even if success in Russian and Chinese talks is not quickly achieved. The swing in the States, they said, is real, and unless the Communists are quite incredibly pig-headed, there is a good chance, at least, that "tension will be further eased." The American people certainly don't want war, whatever Nixon says. Nix on Nixon, they said.

So, on the Western side, the stage is set for a bargain, if the Communists have really, as it seems, set about trying to repair the damage Stalin did. What evidence is there for this change? So much that one scarcely dare add it up lest one invites another disappointment. But add it up we must, however sour the sauce of caution we take with the sweet. Since Stalin died in his bed, another Prime Minister has been superseded, who is not dead or even disgraced. Something like a party issue has been publicly debated; the familiar battle between the champions of heavy industry and consumer goods has been once more fought out, and the battle went against Malenkov. He retired, and has taken up a minor post, just as he might have done in a country where differences of opinion had never been regarded as proofs of sabotage or treachery. Today, Russia appears to have something like Cabinet government. No semi-divine dictator broods like Big Brother over the Soviet landscape. Some even complain that it will be hard to negotiate with the Russians now because no one is sure who is boss. The answer, I suppose, is that we shall be negotiating, not with Krushchev, Molotov, or Bulganin, but with the responsible government of Russia.

Other hopeful signs of a shift in Russian policy are the peace with Austria and the Soviet acceptance of most of the West's terms of disarmament. There are still differences between the Soviet and the Western proposals but none that sounds insuperable. If the Russians are bluffing, and don't mean it when they accept the type of inspection on which the West has insisted, then there can be no excuse for not calling their bluff—or, alternatively, being shown up as the most criminal of bluffers ourselves. We do not wish to confirm the Soviet view that what America really fears is an offer from Russia which would leave the West no alternative but to destroy their stock of H-bombs.

On Germany, the most difficult of all issues, the Russians have made an astonishing *volte-face*. Having refused to admit the existence of the West German government, and denounced Dr. Adenauer as a revengeful tool of Western imperialism, Moscow now recognises Bonn as a sovereign State, and uses every term of courtesy in inviting its Chancellor to discussions in the Kremlin. If Dr. Adenauer finds that his journey to Moscow lies by way of Washington, and if his acceptance is guarded with reservations that are not compatible with Soviet proposals, that is no more than one would accept in the circumstances; the reservations may be taken as the basis of Western bargaining, and no more final than Russia's proposals. If, at long last, the Russians have now made an offer of free elections in Eastern Germany, Mr. Dulles can fairly argue that that is because they fear rearmed West Germany. Let us not argue the point; if so, it means that the West has bargained successfully from strength. If, in exchange for a neutralised Germany, the Russians are prepared to march out of East Germany, what more could we ask? Do we prefer them to retort by rearming their half of Europe, concentrating their forces, and preparing for a war? What could be more hopeful than their apparent readiness to discuss a plan for withdrawing all foreign armies from Europe, and creating a neutral belt from the French frontier to the Soviet frontier? If this is not the sort of diplomatic triumph that Washington wanted, how do they answer the charge that they wanted to build strength for war rather than for negotiation?

This is not all. A most remarkable sign of the Soviet change occurred in Yugoslavia. Who could have believed three years ago, or, indeed, a month ago, that the Russians would wear sackcloth and ashes on a visit to Belgrade? They did not talk of making up a quarrel with Tito, suggesting fault on both sides. They did not ask Belgrade to forswear its Western friendships or renounce its alliance with capitalist Greece and Turkey. They did not pretend Russian leaders had not accused the Yugoslav Communists of being renegades, traitors, and reptiles; indeed, they left Molotov behind, because, as the author of some of the bitterest of these phrases, he was not *persona grata* in Belgrade. They blandly admitted that Russia had alone been to blame, and it was all the fault of that fellow Beria. (He had been executed, so it was not necessary to mention Stalin.) They accepted, as if it were a commonplace, the basic proposition that made Russia's neighbours hold their breath when Tito uttered it—that a Communist State might be Communist and yet differ on this or that with the Kremlin; as the agreed communiqué put it, that "different forms of Socialist development are solely the concern of individual countries." Once that proposition is accepted, the chance of world peace is immeasurably increased.

On this proposition Tito had staked his life, and on the same proposition many others in the satellite States—only we must no longer call them satellites—had staked their lives, and many, like Rajk and Simon, lost in the throw. Others, like Gomulka in Poland, who ventured some scrap of independence, have survived, perhaps to remind their colleagues now that even on this the Kremlin can change its mind. If Titoism was not criminal, then even Communists must admit that the purges and executions in Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Czechoslovakia were crimes committed by the Communist Party.

I come back to Mr. Dulles's first question. Do any of these changes mean that Russia has "changed"? The answer is that the philosophy of the Soviet Union is Marx-Leninism; that its leaders, no doubt, believe that there can be no permanent peace in the world until universal Communism is established; and that this will happen some day, as and when the quarrels between capitalist States, and the class war within them, gives the world Communist Party its chance of entering upon the capitalist inheritance. But the leaders of the Kremlin are concerned with immediate realities, and they see that Stalin and his policy have been a disastrous failure. They have given the American war party the chance to crush American liberalism; they have alienated every Socialist in Western countries who had a mind of his own. They have made life easier for the warmongers, and broken the hearts of their oldest friends. The "peace campaign" has been a failure, in spite of the efforts of capitalist governments to suppress it. The reason is not that peace-lovers in the Western countries are afraid to show their colours, but that the Communists have made the campaign nothing but a vehicle of Soviet propaganda. By pretending that Western leaders all want war, and Soviet leaders are immaculate, they have merely outraged the feelings and insulted the minds of those whom they wish to make their allies. Belatedly, it seems, the Politburo has recalled that their objective is to undermine capitalism; their campaign has stabilised it. Their object is peace; they have made war more probable by increasing the antagonism of workers in other countries. Yet peace they must have. Russia lost some 20 million dead in the last war, and there is probably no public in the world more reluctant for war. Strategic changes, too, have changed theory. Molotov once said that all roads lead to Communism, but the H-bomb is a road that makes Communism and capitalism both irrelevant.

I believe we have arrived at one of the great moments of history. The American mood has changed; for how long depends, no doubt, mainly on the Soviet. The Kremlin's mood has changed, and that, no doubt, equally depends on America. Russia, at the moment, has the advantage because she has shown a willingness to adopt policies which are incompatible with often-repeated boasts and cherished doctrines. The great danger of letting the moment slip is that the West, pleased by the Kremlin's withdrawals, may forget the need for an equal elasticity.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEXT WEEK

Post-Election Thoughts
G. D. H. COLE

Prophet and Pedant
Profile of Sir Lewis Namier
with caricature by VICKY

Stendhal's Diaries
V. S. PRITCHETT

The Future of East Africa

NOBODY, after reading the massive and trenchant Report of the Royal Commission on East Africa, will doubt the wisdom of Sir Philip Mitchell's suggestion, in 1951, that a thorough inquiry should be made into East African land and population problems, in order to find out how the standards of living in both rural and urban areas might be raised, how cultivation might be improved, how new land might be brought into use, how industry might be extended and how social conditions generally might be improved. This Report will cause heated dispute in every East African community because of its proposed disturbance of fundamental interests, and because of the political impracticability of many of the remedies it offers. Questions of constitutional development were, it is true, outside its terms of reference; but many of the problems discussed have a profound political significance, and the Commission was required to take into account both treaty obligations and declarations of policy respecting land and native rights.

Each of the three territories concerned is engaged on its own programme of development, and enjoys a genuine measure of responsibility, beyond the powers surrendered to the High Commission for integrating certain economic services. The Report will surely be used as an instrument for launching these territories more rapidly into the economic hazards of the modern world; and the Commission has courageously diagnosed both life and economic conditions over a vast region, giving Kenya a large part of the picture. Africans and Europeans alike will have difficulty in refuting the analysis of poverty and backwardness. But both, for their own reasons, will vehemently object to the rapid and drastic transformation proposed by the Report.

The economic activities of the three territories are by no means uniformly depressing; but the standards of living for the vast majority of their peoples are deplorably low, and are likely to remain so unless drastic changes in policy are made which will disturb tribal life and traditions and force the economy forward to free enterprise and commercial markets. The limited resources of the territories are not channelled into high income producing activities for wide and specialised markets: far too great a proportion of them goes into subsistence production, which can yield only the primitive necessities of life. Better techniques of production, it is claimed, depend on breaking down tribal or racial units and traditional practices, including the system of land tenure, and encouraging, inside the plan for subsistence cultivation, an exchange economy.

The Report's central theme is the failure of the policies now pursued to produce good living. The Commission sees African life disintegrating, and at the same time all the communities doing their utmost to preserve structures which are no longer viable. The African can no longer sustain a "static existence" in the reserves, with their subsistence cultivation, overcrowding and the ossified system of land tenure which prevents all progress. The Governments can no longer justify the "protection" they impose in maintaining the rigidities of such arrangements; while the Europeans cannot, in the present circumstances, defend their privileges and justify the exclusive restrictions they now enjoy. Present policies, in fact, are inadequate to convert a subsistence economy into a modern market economy.

It is worth pointing out that the Royal Commission does not accept the view that the general rate of growth of the African population has exceeded the overall ability of the East African economy to support it. Naturally, there are areas of overcrowding; but the need is to overcome "the obstacles to the economic mobility of the factors necessary for the development of the modern exchange economy." In any case, suspicion and discrimination do not encourage that co-operation which an expanding economy requires; while primitive methods and poor natural resources make overcrowding, land-hunger and intense poverty appalling features of the African reserves. The Commission therefore calls for a new conception of land tenure, urging that land should be both individually owned and saleable. Both Africans and the colonial administration have hitherto been reluctant to consider such changes and have relied instead on progressive education in improved methods of cultivation, irrigation and soil conservation.

The Commission's ideas are almost as uncompromising as those they seek to replace. The conditions and frustrations of the existing order cannot be denied; but the Commission's proposals involve very grave dangers of insecurity and the creation of social evils, unless they are accompanied by carefully thought out—and public—regulation and control, and unless alternative institutions and livelihoods are established. It is conceivable, even, that the existing evils would be aggravated by the imposition of rapid changes which do not permit of widespread understanding and popular assimilation. Is the present policy of adapting the existing pattern of life so bankrupt as the Commission assumes? Or is the objective of a modern, free, market economy, with land freely bought and sold, so imperative as to justify fomenting more resentment and bitterness in the East African territories at such a critical time as the present? For many Africans, land is their security; and the destruction of the reserves, and too free a negotiation of ownership, would bring immense dislocation and pain. True enough, most of these doubts are faced in the Report; but they are formidable and make the changes recommended politically impracticable.

It is against all this background that the Commission recommends the development of the territories as integrated economic units, seeking their capital and expanding credits from outside. It is aware that a sense of injustice remains among Africans about the existing system of land allocation, but is as opposed to a reopening and readjudication of individual claims for land as to the restoration—as a matter of legal right—of lands which have been alienated. It finds, in the European Highlands of Kenya, no great extent of unused and under-developed land: at the same time, it rejects the policy of exclusive tenure by Europeans. It is that policy which has created so much bitterness through the extinction of African rights and such a sharp sense of injustice among land-hungry Africans, who see broad acres reserved for a few individual Europeans. The sensible recommendation is made by the Commission that the holding of agricultural land should be free from restrictions imposed by tribal or racial reservations. Very few people outside Kenya will object to the breakdown of the exclusive European tenure in the Highlands, provided all the land is suitably used and high standards of husbandry are imposed on all.

This view of land tenure has gained ground in recent years in Kenya; but it will still be fiercely resented by a large proportion of the White settlers. It may be true that the capital, skill and enterprise of the European and Indian populations are the prerequisite of a healthy economy in the colony today; and certainly the important part which the Settler plays in producing revenue ought to be recognised. But the breakdown of the exclusive possession of land in the Highlands has become an inevitable stage in the stability and the ordered political advance of Kenya. The European must no longer enjoy special privileges in the economic activities of the territory.

The Report advocates a number of reforms which have been the subject of agitation by progressive people interested in colonial problems. The problem of squatters in the Highlands is discussed with sympathetic understanding, and the necessity is recognised of creating for them a system of free labour and orderly villages. The importance of building up wage standards and of labour stabilisation is recognised, as is the value of effective trade unions and labour protection laws. The provision of credit facilities and the extension of co-operatives, the problems of urban slums and new industries to absorb migrants into the towns, the facilities for extending industry and meeting capital requirements, the difficulties of inter-racial co-operation and the removal of discrimination—these are but a few of the subjects on which the recommendations of the Report show genuine insight and enlightenment.

The Royal Commission, in fact, presents a challenge which must be met. It is an arresting and courageous contribution to policies which have become bogged down because of their political and psychological complexities. Yet the recommendations, taken as a whole, are based on questionable—even invalid—assumptions. If they were adopted as they stand, they would, I believe, actually impede the political advance which is so urgently necessary today and tend to create a situation even more tense and frustrated than the one they seek to relieve. For, without formulating any such concept in terms, the Royal Commission seems to have assumed that something like the "Economic Man" of Adam Smith is to be found in the territories of East Africa. The fact is that Economic Man proved to be largely non-existent, even in the individualist society of nineteenth-century Europe. To postulate him now in the tribal society of East Africa—tormented with doubt and disintegrating though it is beginning to be—is surely an absurdity. There need be no equivocation about our own responsibility. We cannot and must not tolerate the conditions which still obtain in East Africa. We have to accept the duty of creating a better social life and higher standards for its people. The African, too, must understand that progress has to be paid for; that whatever the social development of his country, his advance cannot be based merely on tribal organisation and traditional ways of life. But the remedies proposed by the Royal Commission do not offer the right answer to the problem.

ARTHUR CREECH JONES

TO HOME READERS

The Publisher regrets that, as a result of the railway strike and in spite of a carefully planned emergency distribution, many copies of our issue of June 4 arrived late. Last week's distribution was almost normal, and it is expected that this week's issue will be available everywhere at the usual times. Missing back numbers are obtainable through any newsagent; or, in case of difficulty, at ninepence per copy from THE PUBLISHER, N.S. & N., GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

London Diary

MANNIE, get your gun! "I don't suppose any political party has suffered more than Labour from so-called intellectuals," Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell told the miners of Tamworth last Saturday; and he added ominously "what is required first of all is a cleansing process." Intellectual-baiting is one of the most cherished blood sports of the British Labour movement. Whenever he was at a loss at Annual Conferences, Ernest Bevin used to indulge in it with immense gusto, and never failed to achieve the response he wanted. Mr. Shinwell, therefore, is following a sound precedent in calling for a purge of intellectuals, which, in his words, "should be followed by educational activity." But who are to be the victims? Writing in the *News Chronicle* last week, under the headline "Intellectuals Are Labour's Downfall," Mr. Alan Wood (himself a disgruntled intellectual), exculpates Mr. Attlee and Mr. Gaitskell of the deadly charge, but finds Mr. Strachey, Mr. Crossman, Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. Denis Healey, guilty; and states that "the election was lost on the platforms of the Fabian Society, and in the columns of the NEW STATESMAN." His contention is that such people might be useful "among their intellectual equals in an Oxford common room," but "put among slower witted politicians they can be disastrous." He tells them, therefore, that they must either think slower and remain M.P.s, or get out of politics and found a weekly where they can go on thinking fast and "do for the Labour Party what the *Economist* does for the Conservative Party."

* * *

I must say that I find this an odd formula for reviving the fortunes of the Labour Party. Suppose that the Conservatives had taken Mr. Wood's advice after their defeat in 1945. Mr. Butler, at the time, was the outstanding—and outstandingly unpopular—Conservative intellectual. But instead of sending him to work for Geoffrey Crowther, the Conservatives put him in charge of their central research department, and permitted him to hire a whole gang of clever young men—including Mr. Maudling, Mr. MacLeod, Mr. Angus Maude, Mr. Enoch Powell and Mr. Alport—to think out a new Conservative policy. The fact that all these Conservative intellectuals have become M.P.s, and some of them members of the Government, does not seem to have had the disastrous consequences Mr. Wood predicts. But it is no use arguing rationally about this subject. It is fortunately not many people (as the story of the Tory Party I have just told makes clear) who want to make intellectuals in this country play the everlasting scapegoat in British politics. Mr. Wood is saying, in effect, as Goering did of the Jews: "I decide who is and who is not an intellectual."

* * *

I am delighted to see that Raymond Mortimer's talent has, at last, been officially recognised by a C.B.E. He made his reputation over many years as a writer for *The Nation* and then the NEW STATESMAN. He became Literary Editor of the joint paper in 1935. With his wide and generous appreciation of the arts he was in the vanguard in recognising the genius of Henry Moore. It is characteristic that today, when a modern school of art critics has become critical of Moore, he is so universally recognised as a great artist that people are now surprised that Moore has had to wait until 1955 for his C.H.

* * *

So my old friend W. E. Williams (universally called Bill) is now a Knight. A common friend (the pedants tell me I musn't say "mutual") sends me the following rhyme:

The Honour to W.E.
Makes one wonder which he'd rather be:
Sir William E. Williams,
Or perhaps just Sir William(s),
Or even Sir Billy E. Willy K.B.?

But we are already out of date, for I see from the papers that, to avoid calling himself Sir William Williams, he is to be, in future, Sir Emrys Williams.

* * *

The Prime Minister, who does not pretend to be an expert on domestic issues, is singularly unlucky in his public references to them. He has reason to be very cross indeed with the official who supplied him with the brief for his remarks in the House of Commons on June 9 about an article by Professor Arthur Lewis in *Socialist Commentary*. Seldom does a Prime Minister lay himself open to so devastating a retort. He said that Arthus Lewis, who is, after all, one of the leading Socialist economists in the country, wrote that the less the Labour Party had "to do with nationalisation in future the better they will do for themselves." On June 13, the Professor himself wrote quoting his own article, and proving that he had said exactly the opposite. It is possible that Sir Anthony's dependence on others in all except issues of foreign affairs may, after all, prove a real handicap to him.

* * *

Premier Nu is happy and welcome everywhere, but I'm sorry he is not staying here long enough for the British public to discover for themselves just what a delightful human being he is. He will only be in this island for a few days; two of them will be taken up with a visit to the Clyde where ships are being built for Burma, and the rest will be absorbed in official and personal visits. He knows us too well to expect in this country the type of popular welcome—which is never prepared for any of our visitors—that made his visits to Yugoslavia and Israel such multitudinous successes. The Israeli papers added to his popularity by giving away the fact that Col. Nasser, who had invited him to Cairo, had tried to argue him out of going to Israel. Nu had replied that he would keep his promise of visiting Israel, and cut out Cairo.

* * *

I started, last week, to discuss the oddities of memory; now new examples keep turning up. Not long ago, I thought I would like to see what had happened to the two houses in Hereford where I had lived in boyhood. I remember parts of them in the minutest detail. The first was much the better of the two; its garden once contained a huge, wild pear tree. The year that I was three, and had scarlet-fever, it produced its one and only crop of tiny pears which my mother cut up and stewed by the hundred, because she had to sit in the bedroom with me anyway. I also remember the fir tree, which was easy to climb, and the way the stairs went up from the hall. This last memory is particularly vivid, because, when I was six, I was standing at the bottom of the stairs when the "mother's help" dropped the basket with the new baby in it from the top to the bottom, and I watched my small sister roll out on the floor. The second house, of course, I remember in much more detail, and a horrid house it was. I visited them both to see what changes had occurred in a generation. In both cases, friendly housewives opened the door, and, when I explained that I'd lived there forty or more years ago, they took me round as if this was a good enough excuse. In the second house, I jumped, because in exactly the place where I stacked my bicycle at the top of the cellar stairs, her boy now had *his* bicycle parked. In the back garden, I remembered how my elder sister and I used to get up very early, with two biscuits each, and she was good at running along the high brick wall along the bottom of the garden, and I was terrified to do more than walk. But on the swing she found it very difficult to jump off when it was going, while I could jump when it was quite high. And now, going back, I met a small girl playing in the same garden, and her mother was telling her she must be careful playing like that on the top of the wall. I asked her how she got on to it, and she showed me that, in place of the manure pile that we used to climb up by, there was now a plum tree that served the same purpose. Then we went over the house, and I compared the rooms as they are today with my memory of them.

* * *

I now come to the point of this story. I called at these houses with the idea of writing something about the way fashions change. After I had left, I found I could not remember what I had just seen. My memory of the past was so vivid that I could hardly remember a single change. Even now, when I shut my eyes I cannot see at all what I looked at the other day. Everything is still exactly as it was when I was a child—the wild pear tree, long since uprooted, is still there; so is the old carpet on the landing where I upset the scalding water on myself; I cannot see the garden without the swing or climb, in my mind, on to the wall except by the manure heap.

* * *

The settlement of the railway strike reminds me of a traditional and, I'm told, basically authentic story of Winston Churchill in a pre-1914 railway strike when he was Home Secretary. It was settled by Lloyd George, and he and Asquith went together to break the news to Winston. They found him on the floor, poring over a vast plan of English railways, with flags marking his disposition of troops. "Blast!" he said (or so the polite version goes), "just when I'd got everything ready!"

CRITIC

This England

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To give Great Yarmouth that tropical look the Corporation have put up imitation palm trees on the seafront and fixed dummy monkeys to street lights. Just in case visitors think they are real, the monkeys have been given top hats.—*Daily Mail*. (E. Gillett.)

Striking stevedores in London's Victoria dock yesterday rejected an appeal to unload 41 tons of melons going overripe in a British ship. The melon, they said, is not a working man's fruit.—*News Chronicle*. (R. Millward.)

British European Airways are not much advanced in a survey they have been making. Three hundred questionnaire forms have so far been filled in by passengers, but nearly half have answered the question: "Is your preference for backward or forward facing seats?" with the one word: "Yes."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*. (B. Garth.)

Dennis Lotis, the South African crooner, received authority from Birmingham magistrates yesterday to move among the audience at Birmingham Hippodrome during his show and bestow a few kisses. The magistrates, it is understood, imposed a condition that the girls kissed should be members of his Fan Club.—*Birmingham Post*. (V. A. Adam-

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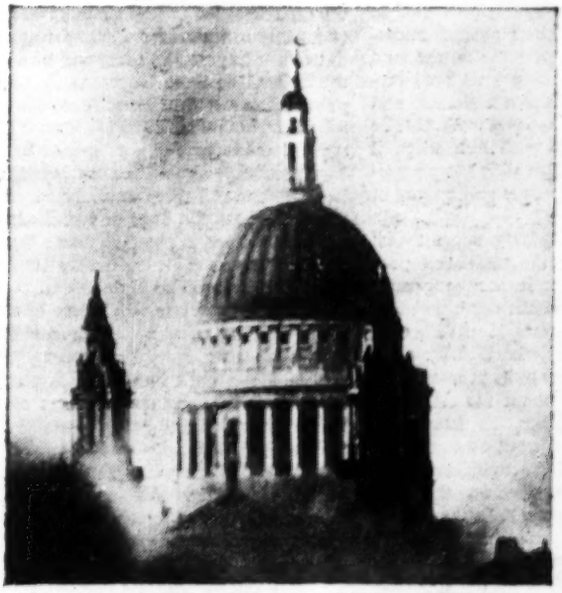

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An illustrated leaflet explaining the needs in detail will be sent on application to the Secretary, St. Paul's Campaign, St. Paul's Cathedral, E.C.4.

Deo Gratia

English and Afrikaans-speaking Whites in South Africa can achieve real unity when the country . . . becomes a Republic.

Prime Minister Strijdom, June 14.

Though Strijdom, Premier by God's grace,
The rights and duties has defined
Of both divisions of mankind,
The master—and the subject-race,

Though in obedience to God's will
The Parliament has safely passed
(Despite votes by opponents cast)
All measures in the Senate Bill,

Though faith was amply justified
By South-West Africa's award—
(Armed with the mandate of the Lord,
An earthly mandate set aside),

Yet Opposition Parties stand,
Yet Church of England heretics
Resolve to kick against the pricks,
Defying his, and God's command,

Yet other rifts must still be healed,
Since English-speaking Whites, and Dutch,
Are in some matters out of touch—
But God has now the way revealed.

And so this divine event
The Premier purposefully moves,
Until South Africa approves
Strijdom, by God's grace, President.

When ties with Britain they revoke
The Union by God's decree
Will walk in holy unity,
One State, one Party and one Folk.

SAGITTARIUS

Walter Reuther Sets the Pace

SEVEN years ago, I sat talking to Walter Reuther in the Detroit headquarters of his auto workers union. At that time, shortly after Reuther had finally won his long battle with the Communists for control of the union, he was negotiating the first of his "new thinking" contracts. He frankly admitted that it was a gamble, that his opponents still controlled some of the union's most powerful branches and that it was only possible to persuade his members to accept a long-term agreement linking wages to productivity and living costs because prices were rising sharply and seemed likely to go on rising. "But this," he went on, "is only the first step. Though we shall do what we can to elect men to Congress and the State House who are sympathetic to labour, the American worker has to look first to his union to secure benefits that your Labour Party seeks to provide by political action. That's why, for instance, the U.A.W. has just tried to lick high food prices by trucking in food bought wholesale and reselling it at low rates to our members. We are in no position to enforce price controls."

"But what follows?" I asked Reuther. He said that he couldn't then commit himself to details—though he did suggest that company financed pension schemes, which became the central point in the five-year contract negotiated in 1950—were the next logical demand. "There's no point in simply pushing up wages in periods of prosperity. We are dealing with giant corporations that can afford longer-term social benefits, and because we bargain directly with them, we are more likely to get those benefits by threatening to strike than by pleading with a reactionary Congress or State legislatures. It's as simple as that."

When I pointed out that such demands could be met only by the very largest firms, he replied: "Sure. But that's the way we shall get State action. If employers are faced with the choice between expensive labour contracts and public pension or unemployment schemes financed by taxation, a great many of them will start agitating for decent public welfare schemes. Sheer self-interest will make many businessmen into our allies."

Reuther, once an active Socialist and still the most original of U.S. labour leaders, has thus been working to a clearly thought out strategic plan. And within the framework of the American system, it makes sense—at least while there is stability and full employment. For one thing, a giant union like the U.A.W. has members in most States; while it can negotiate uniform wage and working conditions for them with each corporation, it cannot have much influence over the public benefits they receive for sickness, unemployment or old age. Just over half the States, for instance, deduct any unemployment pay given by an employer from their own usually inadequate security payments; and pension or sick benefits range from the relatively satisfactory to nothing. What could be more logical—and, in a curious way, more radical—than Walter Reuther's demand that industry accept total responsibility for its employees' welfare, in work and out, in good times and bad?

For that is what is implied by the new contracts granted by Ford and General Motors. Offered, in both cases, a profit-sharing scheme based upon the distribution of shares, Reuther instead insisted on his original plan: the workers must become in effect short-term debenture holders, and their wages and other benefits—even when they are out of work—must become a fixed first charge upon Ford and G.M. earnings. Otherwise, Reuther believed, his scheme could not have the secondary results he sought. He is not merely interested in getting security for his members against unemployment; he is also putting pressure on the auto managements to avoid the normal seasonal lay-offs. And it is a tribute to his own leadership and to his union's remarkable educational work, that he has carried the membership with him when it would have been simpler and possibly more popular to settle for rather higher wages and a share of common stock.

This policy, at first sight, may suggest that Reuther is simply following the traditional path of the American union leader in accepting capitalism and getting the best he can out of it. But such a judgment underestimates him. Though, like many other U.S. unions, the U.A.W. takes a close interest in the efficiency of its industry, and though Reuther never talks about the class-war, or nationalisation or Socialism, he has never believed the myth that widespread ownership of stock will somehow change U.S. capitalism into a kind of Jeffersonian paradise. For one thing, he has spent his life in close contact with the biggest of all capitalist enterprises, and though he has stuck faithfully to his bargains, he knows that they are bargains made possible by the collective strength of his members. Twenty years ago, the founders of the U.A.W. were part of an underground organisation in the Ford factory, fighting Captain Bennett's private police force, spies and informers. They had to wage a bitter struggle merely for recognition. And they have not forgotten the militancy that has built the U.A.W. into the world's largest union, and made it a force to which even such giants as Ford and G.M. give way in a trial of strength.

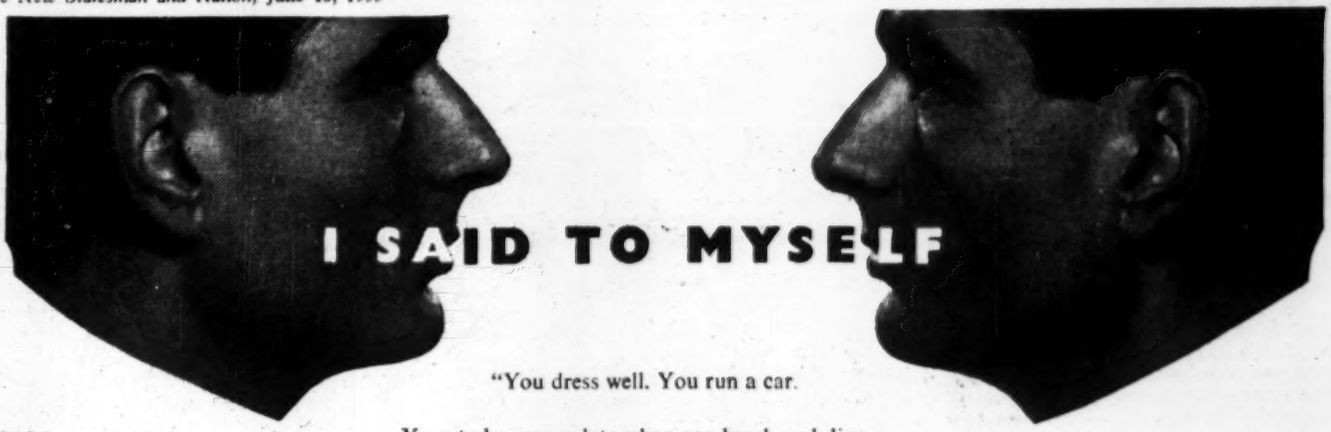
That, I am sure, is why Reuther has rejected the profit-sharing schemes proposed by the Ford and G.M. managements. If workers depend, even for a fairly small proportion of their income, upon dividends, then they will probably be much less willing to see production interrupted—and profits reduced—by strike action. And the strike remains the main weapon in Reuther's armoury. Profit-sharing is much more likely to make men better disposed towards their employers than is the kind of concession that Reuther has helped them to win.

Is it a good thing for powerful unions to seek such advantageous terms for themselves? Are they not "ganging up" with those employers who can afford concessions—and leaving the less fortunate workers behind? Such questions might be asked by Socialists in Britain, where Labour is a political force, and where the T.U.C. must weigh the claims of all employed workers against those of one union or one group of unions. But is there any alternative for a powerful union in present-day America, where, as Reuther knows, there is no sign of the labour party he has often talked about in the past? Unless the U.S. runs into a really serious depression—and then, I suspect, he would be among the first to come forward with a radical political programme—the unions are likely to achieve more, and not merely for their own members, by industrial action than by pouring their funds and energies into the endless ramifications of the American political system. The U.A.W., for example, has backed candidates in elections, has indeed done more than most unions to swing its members behind sympathetic politicians, and in doing so has seen how limited is the return for great effort.

Reuther, who has had much political experience by now, knows that U.S. opinion will accept public guarantees for private schemes where it will not at present accept public schemes. If private pensions—and now these private unemployment payments—become a general pattern, apart from the pressure for extended State social security (especially in industries where private coverage is difficult or impossible) there will be a demand for the Federal or State Governments to underwrite private funds against exceptional demands. Significantly, both the Ford and General Motors contracts provide that if the special funds for the "guaranteed wage" become exhausted, then liability ceases; if there were prolonged and heavy unemployment, the State or even Federal authorities would have to meet demands that would be heavier because the standard set by such private contracts has been so high.

In economic terms, the effect of the Reuther plan is harder to assess. If it could be applied on a large scale, it might become yet another of the stabilisers built into the U.S. economy since 1932: it is an ingenious marriage of Fordism—"the economy of high wages"—and the Keynesian doctrine of deficit spending to maintain demand. But how far can it go? It is feasible for Ford and General Motors because they have been running at full stretch and have been making enormous profits, some of which will now be redistributed to their employees. Can other auto firms afford a similar increase in labour overheads? Can any other industry, save perhaps steel, aluminium and aircraft? The real importance of Walter Reuther's success is that the precedents he makes are practical propaganda for social objectives, not simply for higher wages. If prosperity continues, the objectives become politically respectable; if the economy sickens, then Walter Reuther—who sees himself as a tribune of the people—has already begun to popularise some of the remedies.

NORMAN MACKENZIE



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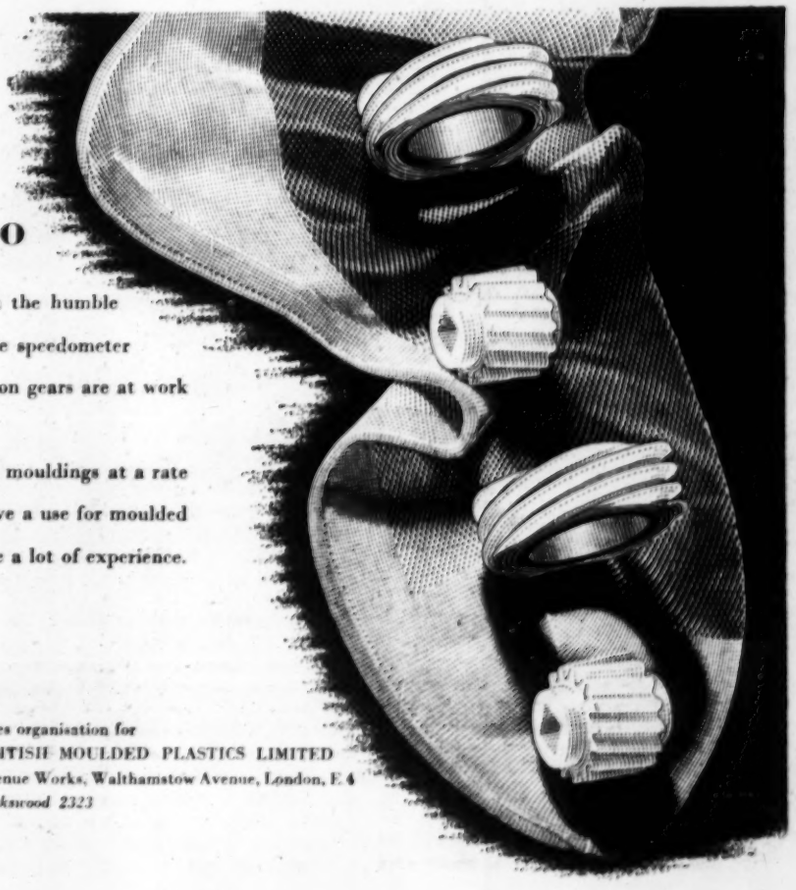

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In the palace of Mrs. Phlaccus, at Professor
Channing-Cheetah's
He laughed like an irresponsible fœtus . . .
I looked for the head of Mr. Apollinax rolling
under a chair
Or grinning over a screen
With seaweed in its hair.
I heard the beat of centaur's hoofs over
the hard turf
As his dry and passionate talk devoured the
afternoon.

THUS forty years ago did Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., describe Earl Russell, O.M. It is a good description of the Bertrand Russell of forty years ago, and perhaps even of the Earl Russell of 1955. For when one hears that strange high cackle of laughter, which is so like the yaffle of a woodpecker, it can still remind one of "Priapus in the shrubbery gaping at the lady in the swing" and one still no doubt instinctively looks for Earl Russell's head rolling under a chair or grinning over a screen. And the dry and passionate talk still sometimes devours the afternoon.

What has changed since Mr. Apollinax visited the United States and the author of *Prufrock* icily, sardonically watched him in the wasteland of Mrs. Phlaccus's drawing-room, is that both of them have become respectable. In 1917 they were not far short of being disreputable. Mr. Eliot's *Prufrock*, indeed his *Poems* of 1920 and *The Waste Land* of 1922, were derided or condemned as pernicious by nearly all respectable people and by those distinguished and wary critics who, in weekly papers, tell respectable people what to think or say about new books. Bertie Russell, grandson of the great Lord John Russell and of Lord Stanley of Alderley, sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of *The Principles of Mathematics* and therefore one of the most brilliant mathematicians of the century—Bertie Russell not only laughed but, in the opinion of most respectable people, acted like an irresponsible foetus. He was during the 1914 war a pacifist and supporter of conscientious objectors; in 1916 he was prosecuted and fined £100 for making statements likely to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of His Majesty's Forces. The Council of Trinity College, Cambridge, dismissed him from his lectureship. Finally he was prosecuted, convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for "having in a printed publication made certain statements likely to prejudice His Majesty's relations with the United States of America." It is worth quoting the silly sentence for which he served his six months in Brixton Prison, for it shows the streak of infantile irresponsibility which Mr. Eliot had noticed in him: "The American garrison which will by that time be occupying England and France, whether or not they will prove efficient against the Germans, will no doubt be capable of intimidating strikers, an occupation to which the American Army is accustomed at home."

The Earl Russell of today is a monument of respectability; terribly English, he succeeds in combining so many contradictions that, under our all-powerful system of compromise, they iron out in the end into our traditional pattern of splendid uniformity and conformity. His Order of Merit is not only the ultimate testimonial to his respectability, but is a testimony to the British system of sublime inconsistency. The Order is one of the greatest—some would say the greatest—honour that the monarch or government can bestow on a distinguished citizen. It is notorious that we British dislike, distrust, and despise the intellect

and intellectuals, particularly when they are abstract, bombinating in a logical vacuum, producing orderly systems. We like even our greatest thinkers to think in the world of plain and practical men, to deduce the most fundamental laws of the working of the universe from observation of an apple falling in an orchard. It seems absurd therefore that the man who sat in Brixton Prison at the end of the first world war should have received the blue and crimson ribbon of the Order of Merit at the end of the second. He must have been given it because he was the author of *The Principles of Mathematics*, for that book alone gives him a claim to great distinction. Yet it is so abstract and so technical that only a minute number of people can have read it or been capable of understanding it. Its subject is "pure mathematics," "fundamental logical concepts," "fundamental logical principles," none of which has anything to do with the world in which apples fall in orchards and men are given ribands to stick in their coats. In 1900 there were in Cambridge three Fellows of Trinity College whose subjects were pure mathematics or philosophy or both: the Hon. Bertrand Russell, A. N. Whitehead, and G. E. Moore. They were all distinguished and remarkable men in fields of abstract and useless knowledge. The ordinary man, a category which includes even Prime Ministers and Cabinet Ministers, has never heard of them in that capacity, knows nothing about the achievements which gave them their obscure fame. Yet this strange Trinity from Trinity College by 1950 had all received the Order of Merit.

By 1950 Earl Russell, his delinquencies and mathematical achievements forgotten and forgiven, had, of course, become known to hundreds of thousands of ordinary men and women as a highly accomplished broadcaster. If you listen attentively to him over the air, the precise and rather clipped voice, the perfectly finished sentence, the adroitly concealed or revealed arrogance, the sparkle of wit and gleam of malice combine to show almost everything in the intellectual make-up of Russell. He is the product of one of the strongest hereditary strains and most dominating traditions that have existed in Europe. He was born and remains today, at the age of 83, an unmitigated Russell, an aristocrat and a Whig. Like his grandfather, Lord John, he is one of the diminutive Russells: Lytton Strachey used to say that he belonged to the dangerous class of great gnomes. Ever since the 18th century Russells have been bred in the bone Whigs, and frequently at the same time eccentrics and Whig rebels against everything, including Whiggery. In all these characteristics Bertie has always been an authentic Russell, almost an 18th-century Russell. From the same strain or tradition comes, too, a certain emotional coldness or even iciness, combined in an odd way with a streak of intellectual sentimentality which can be seen at its worst—or is it best?—in his famous *Free Man's Worship* and some of his political writings.

In one respect he has outdistanced all his forebears. It is the astonishing quickness of his mind. The biographical broadcasts which he gave about his younger friends—Strachey, Keynes, and others—were brilliant if a little ungenerous; in one of them he said that Keynes had the quickest mind he had ever met and that he (Russell) was always apprehensive of arguing with him. This is mock modesty. Keynes, it is true, had a remarkably quick mind: he thought, let us say, with the velocity of sound. But Russell in his prime was much quicker, thinking, say, with the velocity of light. Both of them were uncrupulous in argument, and Russell has a weapon more deadly than any of Keynes's. Keynes often said amusing and occasionally witty things in argument. But Russell has in his mind and on his tongue a perpetual flicker of the sharpest and sometimes finest wit. He uses it in a most deadly and sometimes unscrupulous manner like a rapier and with it he despatches an opponent most elegantly. That is what makes him so amusing—but also so dangerous, sometimes to himself.

Chios

ARE the Greek islands as beautiful as we remember them, almost in as many different ways as there are islands? Does one particular moment of experience with one or the other senses seize on our imagination, so that henceforth we recall each island in terms of that particular sense? I, for instance, recall the beauty of Santorin as the red fire of its cliffs hot upon the cheeks; the beauty of Corfu is above all, visual, the silver-grey sheen of olives, the bronzy sheen of cypresses. The beauty of Ithaca was in the nostrils, the tingle of the smell of dry myrtle and juniper. And the beauty of Chios was light, the unearthly pure light of morning, the thudding waves of light at midday, and by moonlight a surf creeping and crinkling along the sands of darkness.

Perhaps my association of white light with Chios derived from the spectacle of a great yacht that was lying at the farther end of the quayside, immediately opposite the Hotel Pelinaion, to which we were making our way. There was a whole flotilla of coloured caiques in the harbour, but the hull of the yacht subdued them in its mysterious whiteness. There it hovered, like a seagull that is at once only a few yards away and immensely far off, folded up in its secrecy.

"Welcome, gentlemen, welcome!" a voice cried. We turned to a broad smile and a pair of outstretched arms. "I am Vanya. I own hotel. I will tell you all about the Homeeros." We must have looked a bit startled. "*Tipote!*" he requested. "Nothing at all. The man tell me from ship you are interest in the Homeeros. Your room is waiting. You would like to wash first? Then you have dinner? Come in, please!"

We entered. The dining-room seemed almost as spacious as a railway-station. In a corner a man was sitting at a typewriter which at that distance looked like a match-box. Far off was a cooking-range, with things simmering in copper pans.

"You like fish, yes? Maybe meat?" Vanya removed a lid. From the depths of the saucepan the heads of three lambs gazed towards each other with profound melancholy. We thought we like fish—which was good, a little spiny, but hot and well-fried in the good Chian oil. The wine was worthy of the repute it has enjoyed since ancient times. There was a lemon-flower jam called "Anthos," special to Chios, which smells like hair-oil and tastes like ambrosia. During the course of the meal a group of gentlemen, all of substance one would say, assembled at the adjoining table; the gentleman came over from the remote typewriter. Then Vanya emerged from the cavern behind the range, and announced that the gentlemen wished us to drink coffee and eat a preserved cherry with them. He himself and the dactylographist, who was the island's chief Shipping Agent, would interpret. Our new friends were the Leading Lawyer of the island, the Chief Librarian, and the Assistant Prefect. We were introduced, and compliments were exchanged. In their official capacities, they had perused our papers, and the conversation at once turned upon the question of the island's connection with Homer, who was our main interest in Chios.

"For, of course, Homer himself says he was a man of Chios," pronounced one of the Worthies. I think the Assistant Prefect.

"There is no doubt at all the Homeridæ, the family of Homer, came from Chios," added the Chief Librarian. "Did they come from Samos? No. From Paxos. No. Cyprus? No. So why shouldn't their ancestor have been a man of Chios, too?"

"They went on making songs here till quite recently," continued the Shipping Agent. "The people still sing them, just as they still use the same plough and spin on the same wheel, and call them by the same names as in the olden times."

The line taken by Vanya was psychological rather than historical.

"The people of Chios, they are many sailors, yes? Yes. Always they have been many sailors? Yes? The Homeeros was a sailor? Yes? Well?" He waited for to draw the inevitable inference.

"I feel it probable Homer was a sailor," I admitted. "That is very much my own line of thought. Sailors go away and have adventures, then they come back and talk about them. He wrote them down." It really was rather simpler than one had thought.

"Then there is comic," said Vanya. I did not quite get that. He explained his meaning to the Shipping Agent, whose English was good, and who could make up what it lacked in two or three other languages.

"He means the sense of humour," expounded the Shipping Agent. "The people of Chios have always been known through all Greece for their sense of humour. Homer had a sense of humour, too. He says that proves also that Homer was a man of Chios."

It seemed to me an interesting argument, and I told the company that a famous English writer, namely Samuel Butler, had written a long essay on that very subject: "The Humour of Homer." In fact, it had first been a lecture which he had delivered to British working men, which showed that everybody in Britain was interested in Homer, just as in Chios. Vanya was delighted. I saw no point in adding that Butler praised the sense of humour in Homer not to prove that his poems, or, at least, the Odyssey, were written by a male inhabitant of Chios, but by a female inhabitant of Trapani far off in Sicily.

The Shipping Agent then asked if I knew that the narrow water where old-time mariners would come up against Scylla and Charybdis, was the strait we were looking at through this very window, between Chios and the Turkish mainland? I did not, for I had always thought it to be the Straits of Messina. And that it was here, in Chios harbour, the big fleet was assembled before it sailed for Troy? No, I objected. No. It was Aulis, surely.

"*Malista!*" They were quite firm.

The Assistant Prefect, who had been silent for some time, spoke again. There were places all over the island, he said, which had had a traditional connection with Homer from the earliest times. Some of the associations might be merely old wives' tales, but did you ever have smoke without fire? For instance, there was the School of Homer, declared the Chief Librarian, near the Pasha's Fountain. They called it the Daskalopetra. It was no distance away, just northward along the harbour. We could catch a bus there. There was a stone where Homer used to sit with his pupils around him. If we looked in the guidebook, we would find it said that the Daskalopetra had been an altar-stone to some old god. Could they prove it? They could not. Could they prove that it was *not* the School of Homer? They could not. He shrugged his shoulders.

They talked of a place called "Meeros," which was obviously a shortening of "Homeeros," and

they used to show Homer's tomb there. There were also the Aipos hills, added the Shipping Agent. Homer was once being chased by his enemies, and he came to these hills which are so high that the poet cried out "*Ai, pos?*" meaning "Alas, how?" About that same time, he went on, the poet was resting on a hillside under a fir-tree, when a pine-cone fell on his head. "*Phila oré!*" he called out. "Dear mountains! Are you after me now, too?" So ever since the place had been called Phlori. Vanya now came in with a story about a place called Kolosyrtis, over on the flank of the island's Mountain of St. Elijah. "Is fine place," said Vanya, "and you shall go if is time. And one day the Homeeros is walk there, and is very wet, so he slip down. Bo! Like that! So is call that place Kolosyrtis. See?"

"Well, not really," I admitted. "What does the word mean?"

Vanya hesitated a moment, then he explained. "It mean fall down." (I felt this was inadequate, and recalling that brief hesitation, I later consulted Mr. Argenti's erudite pages and discovered that the word means: "slipping on one's behind.") It was a pleasing touch of decorum. It was altogether a decorous little gathering, the worthies of Chios, and the two earnest inquirers from England, solemnly establishing for all time the question of the birthplace of the first and greatest of epic poets.

The concluding and most irresistible argument came from the lips of the Assistant Prefect.

"Gentlemen," said he, "go into our countryside, go into our valleys and into our woods. Stand on a hill-top and look out on our sea. You will know then that the old man, he was not from Smyrna, not from Cyprus, not from Crete, he was from here, from our island, Chios."

With that he rose, and his friends rose with him. "Good-night," we said. "Good-night." Soon we too went out and walked along the waterfront. The lunar logic of these speculations seemed to have an irrefragable validity in that milk-pale air. The white flanks of the yacht's hull lay against each other like folded hands.

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BOWES & BOWES

The Greatness of Grandfather

IT was always, somehow, impressed upon me that Grandfather was an important person. His photograph sat on the mantelpiece, first in the two-room, back-to-back house in the slums, then in the one furnished room into which my mother moved the whole family in desperation when the leaking roof and shared privy became intolerable, and finally in the Corporation house on the edge of the Pennines. He stared straight out of the photograph, a severe, firm, strong face with moustache and mutton chop whiskers. This was Joseph Burgess, THE Promoter of the Independent Labour Party, as he styled himself.

When I first began to be aware of the Labour Movement, which meant that I would cling to my father's jacket on the fringes of crowds at May Day demonstrations, I would be patted on the head by venerable gentlemen who would say: "So this is Joe Burgess' grandson, is it?" Visiting speakers at public meetings would say the same and when, wondering, I began to ask what was so significant to these people about being the grandson of my own grandfather, I would be told that he was one of the people who had, in the very beginning, created the Independent Labour Party. This knowledge invested the whole of our connection with the Labour Party with a new glory. It became *our* party in a way that it was nobody else's party. I assumed a proprietorial air about it and treated the other Labour Party children in the condescending way that I treated children whom I had invited to play on my swing in the back garden. This did not make me popular. I remember being told "You needn't be stuck-up just because your grandad invented the Labour Party."

Later still, I learned that the birth of the whole Movement could hardly be attributed solely to the foresight and leadership of Grandfather Joe. There had been Keir Hardie, Robert Blatchford and Bob Smillie and Ramsay MacDonald. But whatever their contributions, I still could not see that they should share more than the crumbs from the store of credit I allotted to Joe Burgess.

He it was who, after working as a Lancashire weaver, had become a local journalist, had founded the *Lancashire Cotton Factory Operatives' Times*, one of the very first of working-class, Socialist publications. Later he had brought it to London and launched it as the *Workman's Times* in 1891. In its columns, before it was swamped by Blatchford's *Clarion*, he had, under the pen-name Autolycus, demanded the formation of a National Independent Labour Party to weld together the local I.L.P.s and Labour Associations which were springing up in Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Glasgow and London. In 1892 he had published an appeal asking all who favoured the formation of an Independent Labour Party to sign a Declaration of Adherence. The response was overwhelming. The Foundation Conference was called at Bradford, despite George Bernard Shaw, representing the Fabian Society, whom Grandfather had tried to bar from the meeting on the grounds that his credentials were invalid, knowing that only opposition could be expected from him.

Keir Hardie had written after the conference of "Joe Burgess watching over his growing progeny," and when the battle was won and the I.L.P. formed, Shaw commented: "Well, Burgess, you've got your I.L.P. started now; the best thing you could do would be to hand it over to the Fabian Society to manage."

The outlines of this story I learned from Grandfather's many books, which shared the bookshelf under the medicine chest in our corporation house with the publications of the N.C.L.C., *The Origin of the Species*, *Marx Explained*, *British Trades Unionism*, and sixpenny reprints of H. G. Wells. Whatever the title and subject of a book by Grandfather, whether a critical biography of John Burns, or *Will Lloyd George Supplant Ramsay MacDonald?*, which foretold the 1931 debacle years before the event, he always fought over again his great battle to form his I.L.P. against the opposition of Fabians, compromisers and Lib-Labs. In chapters headed "The Manœuvres of MacDonald," "The Machinations of Maltman Barry," and "Shaw's Permeation Propaganda," he would reprint whole slabs of articles by Shaw such as "The Psychology of Joseph Burgess: A Study," to which he had replied with "The Psychology of G. Bernard Shaw: A Study." He probably came off worst in the contemporary literary maul. But because he was my grandfather and, after all, events had proved him right, he was to my mind always the victor.

By the time I was becoming conscious of the role he had played he had long retired to Ilford, where he wrote and published his books. After years as a Clarion Vanner and I.L.P. organiser on an average income of 20s a week he had discovered the cinema, which he patronised devotedly until he died. But before this he had published his last book, in which he had gone back to his earliest years as a Lancashire journalist and rhymster. There has never been a thrill in my life to match the thrill of being given a new, crisp copy of his book, *A Potential Poet?*, which smelled of ink and bookbinding size and contained my own name in the list of subscribers printed as an appendix. I struggled with his dialect poems with lines like

> Ne'er moind heaw hard yo' work-un yo'r hands for little wage,
> Ther's nowt loike spinnin' shoddy i' this spekilatin' age.

I ploughed through his later verse, from which I quote a couplet which would be relevant today.

> Pity the politician who is so full of pep
> With his more stolid comrades he cannot keep in step.

I may not have understood much—but I revelled in every page.

The possession of him as a grandfather was the one relieving joy of life in Bradford during the depression. I had something no one else had. I could turn it over in my mind and savour it. For I had a Grandfather who, in my heart at least, was a very famous man. Nothing could dull this. And it is still so today. For all I know Shaw may have been right when he said of him "He is a most erroneous man, never accurately informed on any subject, always pursuing his innocent fellow creatures with implacable vendettas, and yet, somehow, quite a likeable man." Yet just as out of loyalty I knew, when a boy, that Grandfather was right, so today in maturity I measure him against the Shaws, MacDonalds and Snowdens he pursued. And I am confirmed in thinking that my Grandfather was indeed a very great man.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Arts and Entertainment

The Dark and Dreadful

THE theatrical superstition that regards *Macbeth* as an unlucky play is so often justified in the event that we seem to have scored a double success when it is brought off successfully, or indeed triumphantly, as it was at Stratford last week. Sir Laurence Olivier is, of course, the actor who pre-eminently might be expected to achieve it. He is, as we know from the past, capable among many other things of those blinding animal rages which the part seems to invite. And perhaps the most astonishing thing about his success last week was that he virtually forswore the gift that might have been thought his greatest asset for the part; he achieved his effect without it. This disappointed those of us who went there wanting that thrill; but it is not the business of the artist to play up to his public's expectations, much less merely to repeat his past successes. Sir Laurence was after other things. In a production which was beautifully planned for that purpose and no other, he set about holding us simply by the dramatic projection of the word.

Here, producer and actor seemed to be saying, is a Great Part, greatly written. We will treat it for you simply as such. We are to get right away from all the Bradley-inspired nonsense about character and motive and interpretation. Shakespearean tragedy is not post-Ibsen drama, subject to the psychological analysis. It is a form which works on us much more in the way opera works on us. It leads us into the steaming climate of passion, and grants to our little workaday selves the privilege of living for an hour or two emotionally in the grand manner. The passion we are to live through here is the passion of remorse in a wild, tough character fighting every stormy inch of the way.

The actor has two weapons, his body and his voice. Sir Laurence concentrated on the first. Half the time he took a stance that might have been borrowed from an old print of Kean, say, and, holding it on the bare stage, worked us with his speech. His are not the golden notes, and in his present phase he seems to be deliberately distorting away from any hint of them. But his control is perfection, his range stupendous, and his instinctive feeling for the language sure and exact. He makes every syllable, every consonant and vowel do its maximum of work, he has appreciated every nuance of the weight and feel of the words, never underplays them—or indeed overplays them; they are, all of them, relished in the speaking for their value in carrying us to where we are going; in that sense they are all of them enjoyed. This is the secret of that mystery—the speaking of verse, which English acting has sometimes seemed to be losing the secret of. Instead of it we are too often given one of two things: either a "poetic" drone which reduces everything to a chanted monotony; or, in an understandable attempt to avoid that, the breaking down of the verse into prose, where the actor speaks naturalistically, with a heavy emphasis on this or that emotive word, and speaks, too, with a certain hesitation as a "real" person might who was just formulating an expression for thoughts that had just occurred to him. But, of course, the speeches in Shakespeare are set pieces, arias if you like; and the first secret of delivering them is to relish them as such, and to communicate that relish. Without that nothing avails, though it is naturally only the foundation. One thing I particularly admired about Sir Laurence's superbly relished delivery was his ability to use the pause, the perfectly timed pause, without breaking the rhythm. His spacing of the words was hugely effective on the dramatic level, but never endangered the feeling of the whole as a set piece.

Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's production has been underpraised, largely because it started off with

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one of those imaginative touches which we have encouraged by praising them at the expense of more important virtues. The witches at the opening seemed to be magically suspended in a swirling mist between heaven and earth; and this gave promise of effects which were not to come. But to have overloaded the production with felicities of this kind would have been to endanger the real quality by which it triumphed. Mr. Byam Shaw is ready now to trust his actors to carry us forward without distractions. I think we could have supported less shoddy-seeming clothes (one can be distracted by under-dressing as much as by over-dressing), but the turn-away from elaboration of production, which Mr. Byam Shaw is leading at Stratford now, is a minor revolution in the recent fashions of Shakespearean production.

For the moment it must bear rather hard on the supporting actors. They have not lately had to face the ordeal of the bare stage unsupported; they have been able to rely on their performances being bolstered—or overlaid—with all sorts of eye-taking distractions of production and business. Nor can it be expected of them to have the assurance and command of an Olivier. Still, on the whole, they didn't let us down badly at any point. Above all, they kept up the pace, and pace and rhythm were the important things in this production. There were some good performances too. We do not expect a Mrs. Siddons exhibition from Miss Vivien Leigh. She is not, and could not by her natural endowments be, a tragedy actress. What we expect from her is the vixen, sharp and hard as nails, and that she was, and it is perfectly acceptable. Her sleep-walking scene was excellent. None of the Ophelia-nonsense about it (the vice of present-day Lady Macbeths), but the evocation true and exact, and thoroughly upsetting, of noctambulism. Then, Mr. William Devlin was a great strength as Ross, an unrewarding part which is, however, too often a gap, and Mr. Keith Michell was an effective Macduff in the Harry Andrews tradition—not quite in that class, but moving towards it.

But in the end we come back as we must to Sir Laurence. For I see, in reading back, that I may have given the impression of a rather austere and unatmospheric *Macbeth*. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The excitement was all there, but suggested rather than illustrated. The comparison with the current Old Vic production is helpful. That, it may be remembered, is one of the noisier and bloodier *Macbeths*, filled with shouting and red ochre. There is little shouting, at Stratford, and a noticeable absence of visible red ochre. But the noise and the blood are there all the same. The black and dominating figure of Sir Laurence has led us slowly but surely to the very heart of the dark and the dreadful, and has discovered there, too, something that others have missed, that streak of self-hatred that adds yet another shade to the sombre palette of remorse.

T. C. WORSLEY

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Figaro Restudied

THIS year Glyndebourne comes of age; next year it will be keeping Mozart's two hundredth birthday. In preparation for an all-Mozart season in 1956, and perhaps with a backward glance at the inaugural presentation of 1934, Mr. Christie has put on an entirely new production of *Le Nozze di Figaro*: new scenery and costumes, a new cast and conductor, even to some extent a new approach.

The novelty of this *Figaro* is that it has moved south by some five degrees of latitude: it has been, as Nietzsche said all music needed to be, "*mediterranisé*." Besides an Italian conductor in Signor Gui, we have an Italian Almaviva in Franco Calabrese, an Italian Figaro in Sesto Bruscantini and an Italian Susanna in Elena Rizzieri. The curtain had not been up five minutes before we felt a difference in the air. The dialogue came across sharply and distinctly; the style was unusually robust. The vivacious singers were not trying to be charming and cute, they were being real; never did they hint at their notes, or dwindle into an "exquisite" pianissimo on reaching the top of a phrase; they sang out, and were not afraid to be quite loud. In all this they offered a complete contrast, not so much with pre-war Glyndebourne (for Fritz Busch also took a masculine view of Mozart), as with the feminine Viennese conception of Mozartian style which has been spreading across Europe since the war and has cast its shadow, on occasion, even across the Sussex downs. Vienna itself, as could be seen in the Festival Hall performances of last autumn, has now begun to turn away from this over mannered and finickal style, and I should like to think that the current Glyndebourne *Figaro* (in which Carl Ebert too has shed some fussy detail from his masterly production) marks a decisive stage in the swing of taste.

Enjoyable as the performance is, however, and admirably unified in style, it has certain drawbacks that may arouse a passing nostalgia for Viennese prettiness. Mozart is, after all, among many other things, enchantingly pretty; the word only becomes a term of reproach when performers think too much of prettiness and aim at nothing else. It cannot be denied that the new Glyndebourne *Figaro* falls a little short in sheer beauty. Not indeed in visual charm: beyond question, Oliver Messel's sets and costumes, with their discreet suggestions of Longhi and Goya, offer the prettiest version of Count Almaviva's palazzo and staff yet seen at Glyndebourne. The want of beauty is felt only in the purely lyrical moments of the music; continual vigour and exuberance have been purchased, it seems, at the expense of sweetness. The ensemble was precise, the orchestral detail admirably vivid, but the great reflective moments of the score were not suffused in that tender felicity which is the secret of Mozart. Not one of the great soprano arias worked its full magic; the Letter Duet and the half-finished ditty of Barbarina (Jeannette Sinclair) sounded more captivating than any of them.

This is the first season of Sena Jurinac's migration towards heavier roles; she is to sing Donna Anna next week, and the heroine of *La Forza del Destino* at Edinburgh. As the Countess, her best work was done in the ensembles and in the final appeal for pardon; in each of the notoriously testing arias an unwonted tremulousness entered her pure tone. "Dove sono" came off better than "Porgi amor" (I am speaking of the performance of June 10), but neither had the ripe bloom of her "Per pietà" or "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" of other years. Signora Rizzieri's forthright and amusing Susanna was so much to my liking that I hardly care to admit her vocal faults; but her clear tone is not as steady as it might be, so that "Deh vieni," tastefully as it was sung, did not make the summer moon stand still to listen. Frances Bible's pleasant, healthy voice lacks the quicksilver flexibility needed for "Non so più" and the sheer voluptuousness needed for "Voi che sapete"; she was none the less a most taking and unaffected Cherubino. Some people seem to have found her rather a big girl (simply in the vertical sense) for this role; but I thought her inches rather an advantage than otherwise, since for once in a way it did not seem ludicrous that the page should have been given a military commission. The male roles, which need attack, character and humour rather than lyrical charm, were for the most part excellently cast. Bruscantini, in very good voice, presented a lively, dangerous valet, for whom Calabrese, a forceful singer who looked five times as clever as most Counts, made a worthy antagonist.

Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*, repeated with only one change of cast from last year's Edinburgh production, was in every respect improved, and is now so musically delicious and so absurdly diverting, in spite of a thin plot, that it seems assured of an immense success. Every hearing increases my love for the delicate workmanship and bubbling high spirits of the score: to ignore such qualities argues a lop-sided attitude to the art of music. The collaboration of Gui, Ebert and Messel gave us a whole which fell short of perfection only because of the inadequacy of the French accents and because perfectly accomplished singing of Rossinian roulades is not to be had anywhere today for love or dollars. Sari Barabas, as pretty and graceful as a prima ballerina, sent her small, sweet voice spinning aloft with such charm and agility that an occasional unsteady note could well be forgiven her; Juan Oncina not only adroitly managed the very high tessitura of the Count's music, but displayed a delightful sense of humour and a most agreeable stage personality. Ian Wallace sings the Tutor's ravishing F major aria too loudly, in a misguided attempt to make in funny, but he is otherwise good, and Fernanda Cadoni, except in the upper reaches of the music, makes a first-rate page. Giuseppe Valdengo, whose powers we can better gauge after hearing his Don Giovanni, made something, by sheer volume and gusto, of the difficult patter song of the boon companion, Raimbaud; and the chorus of dissolute sham nuns rollicked and caroused with wonderful unanimity.

Preceded by some resplendent gramophone records of Mahler and Mendelssohn, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra made its English début, under Paul Kletzki, on June 9. Its superior quality was unmistakeable. Ever since the orchestra's foundation by Huberman, its strings have been justly famous; to these have now been added an accomplished woodwind group and a brass contingent which is only a little less reliable. If the concert was nevertheless not wholly successful that was partly because a full house in the Festival Hall always results in unpleasantly dead acoustics, and partly because the programme was ill-considered. The only novelty, Joseph Kaminsky's *Three Israeli Sketches*, proved to be the most harmless kind of background orientalism. Honegger's earnest and impressive Second Symphony for strings received a sterling performance, but Brahms's Fourth was treated by the conductor as though he wished it were by Tchaikowsky. Strangely, this monumental work began an evening which ended with a dazzling performance of the overture to *La Forza del Destino*, so that one had the odd sensation of having listened to a concert back to front.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Documentary and "Automation"

WHEN is a documentary not a documentary? When—I suggest the answer must be—it is impossible for the spectator to know whether what he is being shown is fiction or fact. As soon as doubt intrudes, documentary, as documentary, vanishes. It did so for me with Mr. Colin Morris's television programme, *The Unloved*, the other evening. Admittedly the subject had its difficulties: "A documentary concerning the problems of children who have been deprived of the love of their parents." We were shown a school—unnamed—for maladjusted boys: "None of the children will be identifiable in the programme, and Ghilchrist Calder emphasises that actors play the parts of headmaster, staff, pupils and parents." All this, no doubt, was unavoidable, and in this respect, Mr. Morris and Mr. Calder, the producer, were merely following the practice of television documentary, which substitutes professional players for the ordinary people of the classic documentary of the films. Yet as soon as actors are used in what is intended as a delineation of actual life, one step towards fiction has already been taken, the sense of authenticity weakened. What was disturbing in *The Unloved* was just this lack of a sense of authenticity. One had no means of checking its truth as fact, and, therefore, one could judge it only as fiction. As fiction, I must admit I found it pretty unconvincing. The situation was real enough: a boy is driven to steal through lack of love: his father is in prison for the attempted murder of his mother, and his mother is a prostitute. But what emerged from all this was improbable melodrama, with the headmaster tearing through the night in his motor car to Stepney to rescue the boy from the brutal assault of his mother's latest bully.

It is all to the good that as many of us as possible should be shown how maladjusted children are brought back to mental health, should learn how the special schools work; but the test is surely this, that we are persuaded that we have seen at any rate a simulacrum of the real thing. This we certainly did not get from *The Unloved*. It bristled, in the absence of explanations, with dubieties: the headmaster's behaviour, for example, often seemed extremely unethical, and one's lack of belief in him was increased by the stilted quality of much of the dialogue. Certainly, after seeing this programme, I felt none the wiser or better informed about its subject. Perhaps too much had been attempted; perhaps something simpler might have been more effective, something like the *Inquiry Into Hypnotism* we had seen the night before. Nothing elaborate about it, merely Mr. Stephen Black reporting on the nature of hypnotism and its place in medicine, discussing the subject with psychiatrists and illustrating it with two hypnotised patients. The point is—and it was, I think, the point Mr. Colin Morris did not trust enough—the intrinsic interest of the subject-matter itself sustained the programme. The embellishments of fiction would have weakened it. There are subjects—hypnotism is one, and perhaps juvenile delinquency is now another—that need to be rescued from fiction. What we want quite simply is information. Mr. Black's provided it; Mr. Morris's did not.

Information of an entirely different nature we had from a most interesting discussion in, of all places, the Light Programme, a discussion between two British and two American trade union officials, under the chairmanship of Mr. Ben Roberts, on *The Automatic Factory*. I imagine the word that ran through the discussion, "automation," was as new to most listeners as it was to me. It means, I gather, the application of electronic devices to the operation of machinery; it implies the displacement of human labour by machines that work machines. Obviously a subject trade unions must take notice of, and it was plain from the discussion that they are doing so and facing the prospect of this new industrial revolution with high expectations, the British, it

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seemed, rather more confidently than the Americans. What was noteworthy about the programme, apart from its essential interest, was that it appeared on the Light. The Light Programme is now under new management, and perhaps the presence of this discussion was one of the first fruits of the change. At any rate, it was good to hear it there. One of the consequences of the division into Home, Light and Third has been a certain stereotyping of material for all three, a hardening, as it were, of intellectual class-distinctions. This I think regrettable. In fact, *The Automatic Factory* could have gone out equally well on the Home or the Third as on the Light, just as, it seems to me, Ugo Betti's delightful comedy *Holiday Land*, which we heard the other Sunday on the Third, would have been no less acceptable to listeners to the Home Service.

WILLIAM SALTER

Astaire

"Daddy Long Legs," at the Carlton
"Battle Cry," at Warners

Odd how, like old clothes, some stories will get handed down. What the particular wear of *Daddy Long Legs* may have been I don't know; though I remember seeing Mary Pickford in it whenever that was. As a matter of fact I saw it more than once, and the reason for that was that it came second in the programme to Elmo Lincoln as Tarzan: the very first Tarzan of them all. That has been handed and bandied round, too.

But to come back to fragrant, fatherly romance. The *Daddy Long Legs* at the Carlton is so patched and renovated as to contain almost none of the original garment. The paternal idol is Mr. Fred Astaire, ever-young, with something of the timelessness of a Wodehouse hero. He is excessively rich; his Arcadia is to sit playing the percussion to records of the jazz masters; he is also, in his spare time, some sort of expert on foreign affairs indispensable to the American Government. Also, of course, being Mr. Astaire, he dances; and, being in *Daddy Long Legs*, he has—rather less convincingly—to act the anonymous guardian angel to a French schoolgirl and send her to an American college. Not that Mlle Leslie Caron, the schoolgirl in question, is unguardianable—far from it. But, left to himself, Mr. Astaire would simply dance and smile into her life, and we should be robbed of two hours in which she languishes and he forgets, and then he turns up to woo as someone else, and only after tilts this way and that can daddy and lover become one.

It's not in the least touching, except for the individual charms of the two protagonists. Mr. Astaire has lost a little of that magic which once enabled him to dance anywhere, on anything, in an endlessly springing, twiddling cadenza. In other words, even this fairy of musical comedy is growing no younger; though he can still dance anyone off his stage except that former self. Mlle Caron seems fat-footed beside him, though she dances very prettily. She doesn't *have* to be light, quick, eager; youth encourages her to barge about, pout, mispronounce—and there's grace in it. Together, he with his quick wry smile, she feigning innocence, they make a hit. He has one very good dance and they share one very good song. The comedy of the old romance drawn out in a drier form has quite entertaining episodes and minor characters. I won't pretend that the two hours of *Daddy Long Legs* are sheer exhilaration; but there's a returning lilt, a frisk, a grin—Astaire.

Battle Cry is life in the U.S. marines as retailed (we are told by the placards outside) from "a scorchingly best-seller." It singes with march tunes, rough-houses, sex, hard drinks and soft melodrama, Mr. Van Heflin scowling his way through as the ruthless colonel whose heart bleeds for his men. Its highlights are the love scene between a marine with a bare torso and a girl who gets into a bathing dress through the doorway, and a route march of 120 miles that beats (no wonder) all marine records and leaves the hero still fresh enough, though protesting, to fly off and get married. The fate of this battalion seems to be that, though it travels half round the world, it can never leave its magazine stories behind and can't get the glorious place in the war it longs for. It does at last, and then we are free to limp home.

A piece of good news: *Thursday's Children*—Guy Brenton's and Lindsay Anderson's documentary about deaf children—which I reviewed the other week, has been booked to appear on the Granada circuit from June 20th.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Legend of Pepito," at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15

Flushed—that surely is the *mot juste* for this company—more than usual by their deserved acclamation in Paris recently, the Theatre Workshop has returned to give us the tale of a good worker whose full value was also recognised only by foreigners. In this case, however, the stranger was American and appreciation far from disinterested. It is the legend of Pepito, a Mexican basket weaver, whose wares (and more important) their commercial possibilities are seen by an American industrialist (played by David Laing). The villagers are inclined to become corrupted, although Pepé, the author's exponent of the Good Life, remains fortunately oblivious of progress. The play has much charm and good humour, but suffers from the occupational disease of *drame à thèse*—over-emphasis. It is a pity that the author, Mr. Ted Allan, did not allow his play to make its own case. It would have accomplished its task with graceful ease. Indeed, grace of simplicity was the keynote to the production and to its success, from the plain sun-drenched setting to the singing of the linking ballads by the narrator, excellently played by Mr. Maxwell Shaw. As Pepé, Mr. Harry Corbett balanced a nice sense of the Pepito of legend with the disarming attractiveness of the willing, uncomprehending peasant who needed a "song in his heart" before a basket could be woven. The principals were very well supported.

M. C.

Correspondence

ELEVEN PLUS

SIR,—I have no wish to flay a dead donkey, but there is still something which may be worth saying on this subject.

I am form-master of the top fourth form (4A) in a four-stream grammar school in the provinces. On the way to school the other day I fell in with "John Brown," one of my form. He is a bright and intelligent boy, though he has not been doing very well lately. "Why, Brown?" Well, you see Sir, I am leaving at the end of this term!"

There are three younger Browns to be educated. He thinks he ought to be earning. And the parents? "We have tried to reason with him but he is that independent, so I suppose he will have to leave," writes his mother.

Ten years ago we were advised that my eldest son did not stand much chance of passing the 11-plus examination: his I.Q. was not very high and he showed a special weakness in maths, according to a test which a friend kindly gave him. Last July he won a State scholarship in maths and he goes to Cambridge when his National Service is finished. He is lucky in that it was made possible for him to attend a good independent school.

This year a number of children whose parents I know and whose homes are good have not "passed" the 11-plus examination. They will not, therefore, be able to attend the school I teach in. But it is probable that they are every bit as clever as my son. It is almost certain that quite a number of "John Browns" will be here in September only to leave before completing the G.C.E. course. Is this not manifestly absurd and unjust?

It is no doubt true that the authorities are aware of these anomalies and are doing their best to overcome them. I know that endless trouble is taken

over the "border-liners." But one thing seems wrong here: parents, in this area at any rate, are not allowed to attend the interviews of these border-line children. Now is this not exactly the opposite of what should be done? If John Brown's parents had been asked to come for an interview four years ago they would very readily have agreed that the Technical School or even the Secondary Modern was the place for their John. And another child, with a slightly lower I.Q. (whatever that is worth!) could have taken his place, provided his parents showed a genuine desire for their boy to have a grammar school education.

A more honest attempt should be made to allow parents to have a say in choosing the school their child is to attend. P. H.

LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—I got around during the election and came to many of the conclusions which, "The Lesson for the Labour Party" sets forth. It is perhaps going a little too far to say the result was an "Unambiguous vote of 'no confidence' in Labour as an alternative Government." I would prefer to put it that the country saw no reason at this juncture for a change of government and Labour was unable to present it with such a reason. The nation did not write Labour off as an alternative, it simply was in no mood for a change. Consequently it was a lost battle before it began. Generals sometimes turn a foregone defeat into victory by virtue of personality and refusal to accept defeat. In this case no inspiration came down from on top. In too many cases I felt the troops had got their tails down and nothing was said or done to get them up. So, as you say, "At no time did Labour present any serious challenge."

I did not find that the policies Bevan has stood for were unpopular. On the contrary, I should say that his opposition to German rearmament reflects majority Labour feeling. I am not sure that the same can be said of his views about America, but here many of the issues are above the average voter's head. In any case, nobody is going to believe, as Bevan would have us do, that we are now only an American offshore island. Germany is an issue which the elector can grasp and quite understands. Everywhere there was dismay over the "personal feuding." If, indeed, Attlee threw his weight against expelling Bevan he interpreted Labour feeling correctly, but his action has brought no end to the "feuding" which so distresses Labour in the constituencies where, quite simply, they want to get back to the days when it could be said—

> "Brother grasps the hand of brother,
> Stepping fearless through the night."

The plain fact is that a badly and openly disunited political party cannot hope to win an election and no leadership has arisen to unite the Labour Party. Purging a man or a faction may work in Russia but not here. *Forward With Labour* bore obvious signs of having been spatchcocked together but it was pay-dirt and full of nuggets. Wash away the ore surrounding them and we could strike a winning vein. The trouble was that it came too late. Many candidates and more speakers had not mastered the policy. Too often I saw bored, even ashamed, young Labour men and women listening with distaste to stale stuff put over in a stale way by stale men with old slogans and platitudes falling thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa. *Forward With Labour* can be trimmed and worked into a programme with great appeal. Dalton has given a lead on what you call the necessity "at once to tackle the question of ageing leadership." Dalton's purge may have a modest place in our history books with that of Pride. You may be right when rejecting the idea that, "the disease which afflicts the Labour Party will be cured by swapping Mr. Attlee for Mr. Morrison." The frogs gained little by exchanging kings and from opinions I heard I should say that Attlee can say to Morrison what Charles II said to his brother, the Duke of York. The situation lasted out for Charles II but it ended in the appearance of William of Orange and the end of the Stuarts, our Bourbons. A young Shadow Cabinet under a chairman who, you think, "is unlikely (on the score of age) to re-enter No. 10"

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is not a cure for the "disease which afflicts the Labour Party," but a palliative.

To the causes of defeat which you enumerate I would add: (1) I found that the effects of the defeats in the municipal elections had not been shaken off by Labour workers; (2) The effect of three years of flabby, ineffective opposition were very noticeable. Ginger was lacking. The results show that candidates who rose above the handicaps you mention did well and some of them magnificently. A good candidate is worth more than the 500 votes which are all the "expert" statisticians allow him.

Everything comes down to your question, "How will the Party Leaders deal with it?" "It" being the defeat. You make three proposals. Push on with *Forward With Labour*. Renovate the leadership. Reorganise at Transport House. *The Times* report of Attlee speaking at Durham last Saturday does not quote him as making any definite proposals. "The tide may have ebbed for the time being," he said, "but it will come again in full flood." We really must not rely upon the moon to do for Labour what it does for the ocean. In any case, the simile is a bad one because the tide went out for Liberalism once and for all. It will not do for Labour to sit on the seashore in a mood represented by a blend of Mr. Micawber and Sindbad believing that automatically its time must come again. To say Labour must not be "discouraged or depressed by defeat" is all very well, but what matters is to show how to turn defeat into victory. A majority of 185 in 1945 fell to one of six in 1950, which became a minority of 16 in 1951 and of 59 in 1955. From Affluence to Rags in Ten Years! Montgomery found a discouraged and depressed lot of men in North Africa and turned them into an ever-victorious army. But not by telling them the tide of defeat was bound to turn. He showed them how to turn it.

House of Lords. WINSTER

LABOUR AND THE COLONIES

SIR,—It is easy enough to point out mistakes and defects in colonial policy in the days of the Labour Government and to forget Labour's extraordinary achievements in face of considerable difficulties and public indifference. But I must inform Mr. Basil Davidson that it was not the Labour Government which rejected paramountcy, but Parliament itself by a much earlier decision. Labour's broad policy regarding trade unionism in the colonies was to approximate it as far as possible to trade union rights in Britain. Most colonial governments followed the advice given by the Secretary of State in this matter and substantial headway was made. There were local lapses but one can't extend responsibility to colonies with one hand and take it away with the other.

As to differences between the political parties, I think many Conservative pronouncements show that they have moved from some of their former reactionary attitudes respecting colonies. It is imperative that Labour should continue its work of debunking imperialism and assist in creating the conditions of viability and independence in the dependent territories in the Commonwealth. There are important differences of policy as seen, for example, in my handling of mineral policy, of self-government in the Gold Coast and of closer association in Central and East Africa. A. CREECH JONES

THE LINER STRIKE

SIR,—A great deal of unpleasant publicity has been given to the strike of stewards of certain Atlantic liners, but I was quite amazed to see your journal take the attitude that this is "a revolt by hot-heads." Surely the matter cannot be dismissed as lightly as all that?

From personal experience I would say that the strike is not without justification. Anyone who has worked on board ship will know that very often the accommodation for the crew is appalling and washing facilities are of the most primitive. Whilst the majority of the working population of this country is asking for shorter hours, the stewards are still working ten hours per day, seven days a week. Surely everybody must agree that this is far too long. The stewards have far too many jobs to do; it is not enough that they serve at table, they have many other duties to do such as scrubbing floors, carrying stores and general cleaning. Were these jobs taken from them, the hours would be shorter, and young boys who come to the Merchant Navy from training establishments would get some idea what the sea, and sea life, is like before they are given fixed jobs.

It would seem the strike is not so much against the employers as against the Ministry of Transport, for it is they who give the clearance certificate for ships. In fact no ship can sail unless it has been inspected by the Ministry. Not only is the size of the crew accommodation laid down by the Ministry of Transport but also the working hours and the food come under their Regulations.

The solution, now that attention has been drawn to the strikers' grievances, is that both the Ministry and the National Union of Seamen should get together and overhaul these Regulations.

London, N.W.5. H. JONAS

THE NEW POOR

SIR,—I read the article by a "Correspondent" on the New Poor and the Poor Law. I am not qualified to deal with any of the points he raised but I would like to make a comment. Your correspondent seems to have spent a great deal of time to obtain a grant of £2 10s. per week for his mother. He is an educated man, surely there is some part-time work he could do to obtain the necessary £2 10s.? I too have an aged mother, my husband earns less than £10 per week and we have six children dependent on us. I—a woman—found work I could do in my "spare time" which enables me to supplement her old age pension. I also pay the rental for the hire of a television so that she is not lonely, although we have not one ourselves. I think if everyone shouldered the responsibility of their aged parents themselves, there would be more homes vacant for aged people without a family to look after them. Incidentally, how could I hope that my own children might care for me when I'm old, if they had seen me shirk the responsibility of my own mother?

B.M./K.S.V.N.

SIR,—What an excellent article on the "New Poor" showing the extreme difficulty of dealing with the problem, even when tackled by a competent son! The case of those with means is often as bad or worse. The spinster, or widow without relatives, may be a danger to others as well as herself on reaching the early stages of senility. I give two examples out of many: (1) Woman, 85, nearly blind, living in large house alone and refusing to let part already adapted for a flat, gas provided. Houses on each side. (2) Woman, 87, very feeble and forgetful, insisting on returning to her own house, though unable to afford anyone living in, gas provided! (This woman is accident prone.) Surely we need some form of guardian for the aged who can take control in such cases? HEALTH VISITOR

THE COST OF OPERA

SIR,—One week your critic pleads for more performances with international stars at Covent Garden. The next week a correspondent objects to paying for them!

The Royal Opera House gives roughly three hundred performances a year, of which about 25 are matinees of ballet at prices slightly lower than normal. Unless there is a visit from a foreign opera company, and omitting a very occasional special gala performance, there are anything from eight to sixteen performances of opera a year given at prices above normal. The reason is clear: it is the much higher specific costs of such performances. The fees of the basic company are on a weekly basis and are constant. Some performances are given by the resident cast alone, some have one or more guests, whose fees are an additional charge on the expenses of the House. The total cost of guests for performances of *The Ring* are over six times the average cost of guest singers for all other opera performances. For the Italian performances guest fees amount to over seven times the average cost. Nor, of course, does the extra expense necessarily finish there. There may be extra rehearsals necessitating not only increased fees and wages, but in a repertory theatre requiring the cancellation of other performances. In Wagner there are the lengthy performances necessitating much overtime.

The increase in costs of all kinds since the war is agreed, nevertheless prices for special performances at Covent Garden are still roughly the same as they were before the war. The prices for a performance of *Tosca* with such a cast as we have announced for July could easily be at La Scala twice or even occasionally nearly three times the size of those we have announced.

Mr. May's argument is that occasional extra charges should be lost in the annual budget. The total subsidy of Covent Garden is much less than a theatre like La Scala, notwithstanding the Scala's shorter season and much higher prices. It is not of the size that we can forget £20,000 to £25,000 extra expense directly attributable to some performances.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. DAVID L. WEBSTER, *General Administrator*

MR. WYATT

SIR,—I would like to correct two inaccuracies in Critic's recent paragraph about me.

(1) Critic says that I "recently led the denunciation of those who wanted the Labour Party to include, in its election manifesto, a firm pledge to reduce the period of National Service." In a memorandum I prepared for the Parliamentary Labour Party Defence Group last January I wrote "about 30,000 of the troops now coming out of the Canal Zone could be released from the Army and conscription cut by three months. *This is something I believe we should press for now.*" At least one member of your staff had a copy of this memorandum. On March 1, speaking from the Opposition Front Bench in the Defence debate, I expressed the same view, and on April 28, in the National Service debate, I said "an overwhelming case has been made out for a cut in National Service" and gave detailed reasons. I have consistently declared that National Service could be cut by anything between three and six months if the Canal Zone were evacuated, as it is now being.

(2) Critic suggests that the fact that other candidates were better than I was enabled them "to win constituencies just as difficult as Grantham, where he himself [Mr. Wyatt] was standing." Which for instance? The only Labour gain in an unchanged constituency was South-West Norfolk. There a Conservative majority of 442 was changed by the magnificent achievement of Mr. Dye into a Labour majority of 193. Mr. Dye has lived in the constituency all his life and was its Member from 1945-51. He has been able to nurse South-West Norfolk continuously. Grantham, also a constituency with unaltered boundaries, has an area of about nine hundred square miles in which I was only able to spend something under three weeks. In Melton, the neighbouring unchanged and roughly comparable constituency, the Conservative majority rose by 4,399 at this election. In Grantham, the Conservative majority went up from 2,170 to 2,372—an increase of only 203 votes—reflecting, unlike the rest of the country, virtually no swing to the Tories at all. I may not be a good candidate, but I do not think this could be deduced from the figures at Grantham.

WOODROW WYATT

MODERN POETS

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Fraser's statement in your last issue that "the typical good modern minor poet is humane, liberal, respectfully agnostic, patient of weakness."

With some reservation, this might well apply to Mr. Fraser himself and the many students of English poetry who attend his Wednesday evenings. Unfortunately the appearance of this statement in a journal like the NEW STATESMAN lends a certain general and authoritative quality to what is in reality a merely general comment about a small clique of academic verse technicians, made by its leading member.

55b Warwick Road, S.W.5. THOMAS BLACKBURN

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JOHN MURRAY

Summer Books Supplement

THE OPEN HOUSE

THE opening of country houses is a phenomenon of the day. In principle it is nothing new. Some of the very grandest houses had open days with an admission charge long before income tax was anything but a gross impertinence, and a tradition of reasonable access to persons of decent appearance and address, under the eye of an upper servant, goes a long way further back than that. But what is happening now is different. A different public is being appealed to in a different way by owners in a very different situation from those who, in the past, have opened their houses out of condescension and the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. The fact is, as everybody knows, that it has become almost impossible to live in a great country house for pleasure—to live in it, that is, as a house of parade and enjoyment with enough hands working the hidden ropes for the parade to be unruffled and the enjoyment serene. Here and there the old manner is maintained by the few who command great wealth and who live, apparently, in regions where domestic service is not yet considered either degrading or disagreeable. But such cases are curiosities. Everywhere in Britain now a great country house is a problem house.

The "natural" course for such a house begins with the loss of most of the agricultural land on which for centuries it has lived. Then, incapacitated by death duties, the family goes. The house passes through a series of brief ownerships as a rich man's toy, the last rich man being the unlucky one who, bored with the toy, cannot find a buyer. The house is shut up, it rots and, as it rots, down it goes in the market. Perhaps an institution buys it and somehow makes it do for a school or a home. Otherwise it is auctioned and bought by a demolition contractor. In a matter of months there is nothing on the site but an oblong hole, a tangle of bell-wires and a cracked lavatory pan.

That every single country house of any magnitude is not travelling along this road is because of two things. First, because the country house remains for many a supremely desirable possession, even if it is a modified and restricted possession, retained at the sacrifice of capital, privacy and peace of mind. Second, because the preservation of works of art, including architecture, is one of those issues on which public opinion is now almost as monolithic as it is on, say, untainted milk or humane slaughter. Even those who do not much care are inclined to acquiesce.

Between these two incentives halting the wholesale destruction of country houses there is not, of course, entire harmony. The man who wants to *live* in a country house naturally wants as much undisturbed enjoyment as he can get. The man who wants to *preserve* country houses as works of art can only promote his case on the plea that they shall be preserved in order to be seen by others than the owners. It is in the area of friendly and tolerant conflict between these two agencies that the new style of country house opening is emerging. And a pretty piece of English compromise it is.

There is, in a general way, little or no money to be made out of opening houses to the public. Nationally famous resorts like Chatsworth and Longleat, which draw their hundreds of thousands in a season, are in a class by themselves; and it is a very small class. Outside of it are the many less-celebrated houses (probably about two hundred at the present time) where the business of opening and showing brings a nominal profit, but serves as a means of obtaining tax relief on maintenance costs. Public opening is in all circumstances a condition of salvation. If an owner cuts the knot by giving house and land to the National Trust and then renting the house himself, he will be under an obligation to show at specified times and seasons. If he obtains a Government grant for repair or maintenance through the Historic Buildings Council the grant will almost certainly be conditional on a guarantee of reasonable public access. And the bargain is surely fair enough.

But who visits country houses? What is their appeal and to whom? The answer must be speculative and must allow for many variations between one sort of public and another. First of all there is the great coach-riding public—the only really numerous and profitable kind. It is the "outing" public, organised by the tireless honorary secretaries of societies, guilds, clubs, unions and institutes of every sort. Arriving by the coach-load at week-ends and in the holiday season, they pour into the house, through and out of it, and are probably little the wiser for anything they have seen or heard. Their great pleasure is in contrasts of grandeur and misery; they are touched, though inwardly gratified, by the collapse of privilege, and evidences of the descent are eagerly, whisperingly sought. A peep into the "private side," where a half-darned ducal sock lies on a table or where an infant who will one day wear his coronet gurgles like any other brat in an unspectacular pram, is worth all the Vandycks, all the Claudes and Queen Elizabeth's gloves into the bargain. This coach-riding public has little sense of the recession of time beyond the immediate present, the remembered past and a vast cavernous distance in which bad King John, Nell Gwynne, Henry VIII and his wives posture in a Tussaudesque twilight. For them all history is more or less royal and it is in the signed photograph of the late Queen Mary that it becomes momentarily real.

A score of houses—hardly more—attract this large, profitable public, liberal with its half-crowns, insatiable for set teas and souvenirs, and there are now probably few houses which organised publicity could bring within the charmed circle. For the less-rumoured and spectacular houses, the public is very much smaller. It overlaps the first but has a character of its own and is a good deal more interesting. It comes mostly in small private cars and the pattern is one of initiative and curiosity rather than sheep-like acquiescence and vague wonder. The difference between visiting Longleat and visiting, say, Great Chalfield or Lacock in the same county is subtle. The smaller, the less advertised, the less aristocratic the house, the more is the visiting motive tinged with a conscious interest in history and art, and that interest has a good deal to do with class, with the fear of exposed ignorance, with the question whether one may be thought a prig or a crank. Such considerations put the brake on popularity and a house in this group is lucky if it gets five thousand visitors in the year while its great neighbour reaps a hundred.

But these lesser houses (often, of course, of greater intrinsic interest than the giants) have, it may well be, a remarkable future. That future is bound up with popular motoring; and likewise with popular art-historical and topographical publication. The houses make a motoring objective on the map; the books give a colourable anticipation and explanation of the objectives. Here is a pleasant game for a good many people—a game of wandering, finding, prying, criticising—a game which has the merit of giving to numbers of rather mechanically educated men and women something which the passing of examinations does not necessarily give. If there is one thing more than another which separates the modern civilised man from the modern barbarian it is that sense of the historic which makes time seem deep not as a chasm but by stages, each with its own sound and colour, intuitively felt. That sense cannot be acquired by the reading of labels in show cases. But in a country house which is not yet a museum it sometimes can.

The literature of the country house, its architects and decorators, their styles and fashions, has been piling up for 25 years. In any country house whose owners are at all conscious of its artistic meaning (and few today are not) one sees the familiar books in their pretty jackets piled on the tables—Sitwell on architects and craftsmen, Hussey on the picturesque, Colvin's dictionary of architects, Jourdain on William Kent, Stroud on Capability Brown, Lees-Milne on Adam, Clark on the Gothic taste. The less expensive of these books are common ground between the owner-curator and the visitor; to a whole generation they have conveyed the long obscured truth that it is not so much in Britain's museums and galleries or the streets of her towns that her past is to be comprehendingly studied as in her country houses.

the usurpers

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FABER AND FABER

To the literature of the country house, already considerable, Mr. Christopher Hussey now brings a new contribution, the first of three volumes on which he is engaged*. It is a new book but comes of old stock. When Edward Hudson founded a paper called *Country Life Illustrated* in 1897, his simple object was to sell first-class photographic reproduction to the country gentleman. Prize rams and golden eagles apart, there is nothing in the countryside which photographs quite so splendidly as the country house, and in a few years *Country Life* was carrying articles on houses and gardens as a regular feature. The photographs were always good, the text so-so until the advent of H. Avray Tipping. Tipping, a man of means who had been an Oxford don, began writing for *Country Life* somewhere about 1910. The so-so articles became scholarly, the photographs more numerous and more cunningly selected. The esteem of Tipping's articles rendered their reproduction in book form inevitable and in the Twenties a series of folios lined up, covering every period of English taste except the Saxon and the Victorian. In the book famine of the war years the series went out of print.

Mr. Hussey's task is now to replace the Tipping series by another, drawing on the same unique repository of photographs and on thirty years of his own studies in addition to all of Tipping's. Under the circumstances we have a right to expect an impeccably good book and this, to be sure, is what we have got. This first volume deals with houses from 1715 to 1760 in a series of thirty-five articles, with a long introduction on styles and architects. The articles are in every way an improvement on Tipping. Tipping, for all his scholarship, had the Edwardian journalist's horrid flair for the oblique approach. Hussey is direct. Tipping was the solitary trained historian of his day writing about architecture. Hussey writes among a company of art-historians at a time when more perhaps is known about Georgian houses than anybody except their builders—and Horace Walpole—has ever known. Hussey's format is less cumbersome than Tipping's, his layout far better. The quality of presentation is superlative.

It is a pity that the book has to be so expensive. It will lie on the tables of the more prosperous country houses, no doubt, but hardly on the narrow shelves of the young London schoolmaster and the couple from Manchester who have just managed a car and want to see England. Admittedly there are other books for the beginner—Mr. Hampden Gordon's readable and well-informed ten-and-sixpence-worth†, directly addressed to the country house tourist, is a welcome newcomer. But Hussey is the classic. And where, it may be asked, would Mr. Gordon, where would any writer on English architecture be without the Tipping-Hussey achievement, that *corpus* of illustration and description which, so curiously, grew out of a venture in sporting journalism fifty-eight years ago?

JOHN SUMMERSON

* *English Country Houses.* By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY. *Country Life.* 6 *guineas.*
† *A Key to Old Houses.* By HAMPDEN GORDON. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Four Poems

Stately Home

No shuffling footsteps answered to break the peace,
Only a flake of painted stucco fell
To signify a mansion's fall from grace.

Trees, that were tethered from their Augustan birth
In spacious rides, are hewn down, grottoes cannot tell
How long their stone has mingled with the earth,

Since when the summer-house has become one
With the spent wood, or if paint blistered hard
Before the iron veranda shrunk to a skeleton.

The high rooms keep their bare bones warm and musty
With a shawl of mist, the entrance hall is barred
By swinging cobwebs, no wind fans the dust.

Chintz preserves fresh rectangles of colour
Where family portraits hung for centuries;
Even daylight sleeps in a fleshless pallor.

Bright-eyed electric lamps become mere sockets
Dangling from nerve-ends while, blindly, flies
Beat on the window-sash. The sun forgets

Its purpose, stays to browse about carved panels
Or delicate stairways, gossip with weed-grown statues
Or light upon a visiting card that tells

Of a past fashion, the balustraded room
Once haunted with laughter. Houses out of use
Give up strange shadows under the hammer's doom.

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

A Tram Ride in the Ancient Capital

On one side a row of pretty ladies in pretty kimonos,
On one side a heap of shabby beggars in shabby rags—
Material for the Romantic (ah me!) or for the Realist (oh those!)—
But the poet, small-minded and large of nostril,
Suffers in rancorous silence the stench of *daikon*, the root of considerable evil.

If beggars blew their noses, one would give them more money perhaps (or less).
If the white-throated lovelies wore less lipstick
They would be even sweeter (and easier to oppress).

We pass what is called A Nice Flag Shop: the Risen Sun
Flickers like a bloodshot eye at the redder beauties.
A bar says, Sweet Charming Girls Eagerly Await You;
the beggars, though, have other duties.

To the right of us temples, to the left of us brothels;
And the fare is 13 yen, however far (or near) you go.
Kites die in the wires, announce that the New Year is over—
The children stare up at them, declare it is not so.

But the poet reads Baudelaire, between hips and elbows.
He concludes (for the radish has banished those moments of vision
So timely when you would wish not to see, hear or smell)
That what civilization consists in is the diminution of the traces of
Tears—and beggars, human dolls and *daikon*. (You can tell
His mind is too small to accommodate any original sin.)

Ecstasies in over-crowded trams are to be discouraged,
Like other private functions. To be trampled by wild clogs is an odd means of unravelling
Anyone's tangle. They have all paid 13 yen, but who knows how far they are travelling?

And so he drifts on, in the still sad odour of pickles,
Pricked on by a whiff of precious scent. And so would drift on,
For the route is circular, ever repeating itself (like the *daikon*)—
But happy for us, he is getting off here. Turning to prose,
He decides at last to use his legs, and follow his nose.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Emblem

Only for love of love
High up this hunter shot
And missed the snow-white dove;

Then, descending to the plain,
Entered a pitch-black wood
And, blindly, shot again.

For the sake of the dove, of mountain sunlight and snow
Deep in dark woods he seeks a wounded doe.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Betjeman, 1984

I saw him in the Airstrip Gardens
(Fahrenheit at 451)
Feeding automative orchids
With a little plastic bun,
While above his brickwork cranium
Burned the trapped and troubled sun.

"Where is Piper? Where is Pontefract?
(Devil take my boiling pate!)
Where is Pam? And where's Myfanwy?
Don't remind me of the date!
Can it be that I am *really*
Knocking on for 78?

In my splendid State Apartment
Underneath a secret lock
Finger now forbidden treasures
(Pray for me St. Enedoc!):
TV plate and concrete lamp-post
And a single nylon sock.

Take your time, pale-haired admirer,
Slowly drink your acorns up
From my *genuine* British Railways
(Made in Luton) cardboard cup.
(Ricky Wheeler—late Lord Limegrove—
Swore that I'd been sold a pup.)

Though they say my verse-compulsion
Lacks an interstellar drive,
Reading Beverley and Daphne
Keeps *my* sense of words alive.
Lord, but *how* much beauty was there
Back in 1955!"

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CHATTO & WINDUS

A Vegetable Dostoevsky

A Glastonbury Romance. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Macdonald.* 21*s.*

For more than twenty years, tortured by and exulting in his guilt and his indigestion, Mr. John Cowper Powys lugged his suitcase round the United States of America. Benevolence and menace, humility, cunning and violence were inextricably mingled in the expression of his face; and he carried a knobbed stick, like a Neanderthal patriarch's club, which was to reappear in *A Glastonbury Romance* in the form of an iron bar. He lectured on literature at one-night stands, often producing an overwhelming effect on his audience and himself; but the spoken word vanishes, and the insubstantial fame it brings rests only on memory and hearsay. When he retired from lecturing, late in the 1920s, this exile in time and space from Victorian England (he was born in 1872) was not far from green old age. If he was still to become the last—even if the least—of the great nineteenth-century novelists, there was not a moment to lose.

Wolf Solent (1929), the first novel of his new life, marked an enormous advance on the earlier and immature *Wood and Stone*, *Rodmoor* and *Ducdame*. If I may mention my own experience (only because I believe it is typical of this author's submerged public), the very words of that novel's title still rouse in me feelings of awe and pleasure which not many of the novels I admire more greatly with my conscious mind can match. I lived in *Wolf Solent* for a whole summer, more than twenty years ago, reading it again and again. It is more idyllic, more inhabitable than *A Glastonbury Romance*; it has a hero with whom the young reader can identify himself, which, though not an absolute virtue, is not a quality to be despised; it, too, ought to be reprinted. But *A Glastonbury Romance* (1933) is far richer, more manifold, profound and powerful, and so, therefore, is the reader's enjoyment of it: it is a world-novel, where *Wolf Solent* is only a regional novel.

Once again, not for the last time, a sly, bony, J. C. Powys-like hero enters a Somerset town and becomes involved with its inhabitants. The form, no doubt, was suggested by the author's own returns from expatriation in the Middle West to the West Country of his youth. There, for him, the eternal mysteries, whose portrayals in romantic literature he had explained to the soon-forgetful Americans, were still to be found whenever he came to a town. But this time the author's representative, John Crow, although much of the novel is seen through his eyes, becomes a comparatively minor character, because there are bigger people about. A three-cornered struggle is raging in Glastonbury. Philip Crow, the wicked manufacturer, means to industrialise the town; Red Robinson, the local commissar, wants to turn it into a self-contained commune; and Bloody Johnny Geard, the new Mayor, devotes his obese, occult energy to making Glastonbury a new centre of religious pilgrimage. Mr. Geard appears at first as a Tartuffe, a monstrous charlatan-hypocrite; but his charlatanism works miracles, and he knows for a fact—although he suspects there is "summat in me what He couldn't get the hang of"—that his power comes from Christ. This comic and tragic magician-saint has long seemed to me one of the most remarkable and complex creations in the English novel.

Mr. Geard, who, with the preoccupied reluctance sometimes attributed to his Master, cures an old woman's cancer and raises a child from the dead, is not the only causer of miracles. John Crow, loitering on Pomparlès Bridge, sees "shearing the sunlit air with a whiteness like milk, like snow, like birch-bark, like maiden's flesh, an object like a sword falling into the mud of the river." Sam Dekker, the Vicar's son, a saint through renunciation as Mr. Geard is a saint through power, sees the Grail with the Christ-Fish swimming inside it. But the ordinary events of the novel—John Crow's rowing down the Norfolk river with his cousin Mary, his walk to Stonehenge, the very tea-parties—are no less astonishing, no less hallucinatory in their power and reality, than the miracles.

The story has three climaxes. There is the fiasco of the Passion play, staged by Mr. Geard and known to the novel's chorus of old men as "Bloody Johnny's Midsummer Kick-up." There is the conspiracy to murder John Crow, when his friend Tom Barter puts his own skull in the way of the iron bar. And there is the final Flood, which comes drowning, cleaning and forgiving to Glastonbury, as to an Ark containing two of every species of human being. It is Mr. Geard who drowns, ostensibly in the act of saving his enemy, but really in quest of more life. The supernatural forces have dispersed, only to reassemble elsewhere; for the world, to Mr. Powys, is the centre of a cosmic storm which is always raging or brewing.

These people and their interior events are inconceivably strange and inconceivably real; they seem in some way more real than life itself, perhaps because our own unaided view of life, as ordinary people, is *less* real than life itself. They appear, like characters in Dostoevsky, in spite of or in consequence of their intense human actuality, to be shadows projected on the material world by enormous spiritual forces. One feature of Mr. Powys, however, is not to be found in Dostoevsky. He regards plants, the pondweeds, thorn-bushes and rotting tree-stumps that obsess him, as if they were as full of life and meaning as human beings. He also sees human creatures as a special kind of ambulating, love-making, murdering plant. If you can imagine a lesser Dostoevsky, finding intimations of good, evil and supernatural power in natural objects as well as in men, then you will have a writer very like John Cowper Powys. He is a vegetable Dostoevsky.

It is a sorrow and perplexity to me that for some critics, whose judgment I respect in other matters, Mr. Powys is "unreadable," "divorced from reality," and afflicted with a "turgid" prose style and chaotic construction. I have just read *A Glastonbury Romance* for the sixth time, and have not as yet found it unreadable. This romantic novel is surely realist in the sense that *The Brothers Karamazov* is realist, and the contemporary documentary novel is not. His prose has an organic life and beauty of a unique and keenly enjoyable kind; and the construction of his best novels attains the complexity and success which are achieved only in the unconscious of a major writer. I commend *A Glastonbury Romance* to those readers who are able to recognise genius that is not yet mentioned in textbooks. Mr. Powys, I believe, is one of the last survivors in the main stream of the English novel's vanishing greatness. As compared with him, most of the best of our desiccated mandarins, documentary journalists and crypto-heretical neo-Catholics may seem to have left that stream, and to be marching into the desert.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

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The Art of Sculpture

Monuments of Romanesque Art. By HANS SWARZENSKI. *Faber.* 8 *gns.*

Italian Gothic Sculpture. By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*

Romanesque Sculpture in Italy. By G. H. CRICHTON. *Routledge.* 50*s.*

What is it about sculpture which precludes it from the same precise regard as painting, even among people who make their holidays into pilgrimages to Florence, give each other art books for Christmas and never miss an Arts Council exhibition? It is not that sculpture is regarded as a minor art; everyone admires Donatello, Michelangelo, Rodin, Henry Moore, Ghiberti's bronze doors, of course, and vaguely, the Greeks. But of the thousands of visitors to the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua each year, how many, intent upon the Giottos, notice the Madonna with Angels by Giovanni Pisano, standing on the altar under their upturned noses? Perhaps the art book is the key. Sculpture is more difficult to photograph than painting and less satisfactory as a substitute for original works of art. In an age where the full-page plate and the colour reproduction condition the æsthetic digestion, making appreciation of the arts trouble-free but superficial, sculpture is at a disadvantage. Or maybe sculpture is just more difficult to approach.

That three books closely linked in purpose and in historical sequence should make an almost simultaneous appearance is fortunate. Any reader inspired by one may well acquire the others; indeed he must, if his interest is kindled, for there is nothing comparable in print to Dr. Swarzenski's *Monuments of Romanesque Art* or Mr. John Pope-Hennessy's *Italian Gothic Sculpture* or Mr. Crichton's book on Italian Romanesque Sculpture. In fact, the data contained in these three books, for they are complementary, could hitherto only be discovered to those interested by searching the reference libraries and laboriously delving in the bound volumes of learned journals.

Of the three books, Dr. Swarzenski's is by far the most visually exciting and, in selection and arrangement of plates, the most beautiful—as, indeed, it should be, for it is very expensive. Dr. Swarzenski's excellent text is tantalisingly brief. With great subtlety his selection and disposition of photographs carry the eye through the complexities of related styles, delicately tracing the skein of iconographic, national and æsthetic trends, so that one is made aware of the interplay of widely separate factors which combine to make that marvellous cohesion which was the strength of medieval art. But his book is not concerned with large sculptures and there are practically no examples of stone carving. He limits himself deliberately to treasures of ivory, bronze, enamel and manuscript illumination, making the entirely justifiable case that Romanesque art is not dependant for its monumental quality upon the size of the object. This is indisputable, but much of its

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COLLINS

impact is lost on the devotee of reproductions because to him all works of art are measured by the format of a book. A full-page plate of a bronze six inches high may seem more monumental than a marble half-length figure six feet high, reproduced as a quarter-page plate. But in truth the size of the original object was a profoundly important factor in its creation and to be unaware of it is to misunderstand the work of art. It is not the least price we pay for living in the age of the art book that this sense of scale is being destroyed in us, not perhaps abruptly, for the reader still makes some tentative adjustment for himself, but the museum without walls can easily become the museum without scale.

Where Dr. Swarzenski is reticent and unassuming in his text to an almost exasperating degree, Mr. Pope-Hennessy is abrupt in his communication. He does not woo the reader with subtle juxtaposition of plates, nor take him by the hand to lead him. He seizes him by the wrist and pulls him panting and stumbling through facts, deductions and opinions as closely compacted as a newly ploughed field. Upon this unyielding, if fertile, terrain, Mr. Pope-Hennessy releases the mill-race of his formidable erudition as one would flood a paddy-field, so that the reader is sluiced along, bumping from time to time against uncongenial statements. These statements are Mr. Pope-Hennessy's aesthetic pronouncements where they obtrude from his profound historical exposition, and these opinions are stated with such firmness as to read as facts. Thus, when he says of the sculptures for the exterior of the Pisa Baptistry by Nicola and Giovanni Pisano, that they are much weathered and extensively recut, one acknowledges the truth of the former statement, and grudgingly accepts the latter; but when he says categorically that the Evangelist St. John is the finest, and fails to reproduce any of the others, it is with relief that one realises that Mr. Pope-Hennessy is expressing a personal taste, with which one can vigorously disagree, and not a piece of incontrovertible evidence derived from profound research.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy's learning and skill in marshalling facts have placed him in the forefront of art-historians, but he is curiously peremptory in his manipulation of these abilities and his *Italian Gothic Sculpture*, so eagerly awaited (if, regrettably, by all too few people), is instructive but not inspiring. Where Dr. Swarzenski tickles the trout Mr. Pope-Hennessy trawls for it. The production of the book is very adequate—all Phaidon books are—but the photographs which are bluntly described *ex cathedra* as "honest images of the sculptures as they were intended to be seen" are not invariably either honest images or good photographs. Tino da Camaino's Bishop Orso, among others, was certainly not intended to be seen silhouetted against a solid black background (and nor was the Giovanni Pisano Evangelist already referred to, which strangely achieves inclusion only as a figure in the text and not as a plate). The reliefs fare better, although they are sometimes overlit and seldom escape the soapy quality so difficult to avoid in photographing marbles.

Nevertheless, this book is most valuable. Mr. Pope-Hennessy points out that Italian Gothic sculpture possesses a syntax, grammar and vocabulary of its own and is in no way a dialect of French Gothic. How true that is, and to how splendid a use this language was put by the Pisani and their successors, has hitherto aroused curiously little general interest. Now, with this book in their luggage, perhaps a proportion of those annual visitors to Florence will pause longer in Pisa than it takes to see the leaning tower and halt their journey at Lucca for more than the lunch-hour.

Mr. Crichton's *Romanesque Sculpture in Italy* is addressed to the converted. That is to say, it will be better read by those who have studied both Mr. Pope-Hennessy's introduction to the Gothic which flowered from it and Dr. Swarzenski's volume on the Northern European treasures from which in the main Italian Romanesque derived. It is a sound and scholarly work, as admirable as the author's earlier book on Nicola Pisano, and it is perhaps a trivial regret that Mr. Crichton does not see fit to treat in detail or to illustrate the curious neo-classical phase in Apulia which culminated in the Hohenstauffen monument at Capua. He rightly remarks that this work is of poor quality, but as a graft on to the Romanesque proper, the product of Friedrich II's vanity is of interest, especially as it relates to the sources of Nicola Pisano's early style.

Mr. Crichton's book discovers the roots from which those sculptors sprang who form the subject of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's book. It is indeed fortunate that the publication dates of both these volumes should so nearly coincide. Together with Dr. Swarzenski's beautiful book, it means that a corpus of introductory material to one of the richest periods of European sculpture is now easily available. But it will serve no more purpose than to augment the library unless it succeeds in introducing the reader to the objects themselves and induces him to go in search of them. Even the best of plates is no substitute for the work of art, and in the case of sculptures this is doubly true.

MICHAEL AYRTON

South for Sensation

A Rose for Winter. By LAURIE LEE. *Hogarth.* 12s. 6d.

The Basque Country. By VIVIAN ROWE. *Putnam.* 18s.

Portal to Paradise. By CECIL ROBERTS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20s.

Spanish Holiday. By S. P. B. MAIS and GILLIAN MAIS. *Alvin Redman.* 15s.

As the toad under the stone, beneath the adjectives of the blurb, lurks the potential reader, though the shrewdest publisher's estimate is occasionally wrong. So, ignoring for the moment the mysterious and exotic, the colourful and romantic, the vivid and intimate, one is fatally lured by the bait of Mr. Laurie Lee's publisher, promising "the multitudinous flavour of Spain—acid, sugary, intoxicating, sickening, but above all, real." And the copywriter is right! After ten pages one concedes him all his adjectives and as many more as he likes to borrow from his author, whose command of them is masterly.

Out of a winter in southern Spain, Mr. Lee has spun a magnificent book, outstanding even in a field where the competition is oppressively brilliant. His itinerary included Algeciras, Seville, Ecija and Granada, but the route hardly matters, except for the responses which it touched off in the author. Given the mood, he could, one feels, have found equally rich material in the Bolton-Leeds-Grimsby triangle. The Andalusians fed from his hand, as he often fed liberally from theirs, all payment refused. Modestly, he ascribes this ease of contact to the attractiveness of his wife and to his own habit of going about with two guitars slung over his shoulders. Seeing these, no Spaniard would believe that they were either English, or proper tourists, and confident, rich relationships were established at once. This, of course, is a mere sop to the armchair traveller. We all have beautiful wives and could take guitar lessons, but we should need as well excellent Spanish, untiring human sympathy and constant freshness of observation.

Like all triumphant travellers, Mr. Lee commanded luck. The set occasions—the carol-singing in Seville, the Christmas carnival in Granada—can be planned in advance. But over and above that, it is the chance encounters which make a journey and a book. They are the bonus given to the good traveller, like a second moon to the good drunkard. So it happened that at a feast given in his honour in a provincial telephone exchange, he met a young Spaniard, otherwise normally voiced, who spoke English in a high-pitched, tinny whine. "This mystified me at first, until I discovered that he had learnt his

English from an antique pre-1920 gramophone and could only be said to be suffering from too good an ear." The same outrageous fortune threw up shifty British yachtsman-smugglers, poetic waiters and philosophic child-beggars, an ex-Republican officer doomed to a lifetime on the run, and a woman sleeping out on a hillside on a brass bedstead, while underground her legless husband tunnelled out the cave which was to be their new home. Above all, it brought him an illness in Granada, the evening after a visit to the cemetery. Perhaps it was only severe 'flu, but Mr. Laurie's account of his delirium reads like a page from De Quincey, while in the background is the grimly humorous motif of the twenty medical students who ate at the same inn and were now waiting with pathetic eagerness for his wife to become a widow.

One believes Mr. Lee. The quality of his writing compels it. Just as for the expert marksman there is no hiatus between trigger-finger and target, here there is an absolute compatibility between experience and the expression of it:

> The park was formal yet flouncy, like the dress of an Edwardian beauty. The air was soft and springlike. Children in large hats and long white pinafores bowled their grave hoops among the rose-trees. Black-stockinged girls bent over pools, poking at goldfish with the stems of lilies. And opulent mammas, ripe in black satin, drowsed at their ease on the blue-tiled benches. It was a landscape by Renoir or Steer, an end-of-the-century dream; and as we clopped our way along, smelling the oranges and roses and passing the lacy girls posed like old postcards among the flower-beds, I felt an unnatural sense of distinction, almost as though I had invented the horse.

What a writer of Mr. Lee's calibre, demanding to be judged by the standards of poetry more than of prose, might have made of *Portal to Paradise* beggars the sense of horror. As it was, the book gave me nightmares—against every conscious intention of the author, who has written, his publishers declare, "a book full of sunshine." It is about Alassio, a sea-town on the Italian Riviera, which in the Eighties possessed a flourishing colony of English retirees, founded by a major-general and endowed by a China merchant. They had their tennis club, their church and chaplain, their library and tea-room. They have them still, but the confident community of 500 has dwindled to fifty, mostly octogenarians. As Ulysses wrecked by the sea attributed his misfortunes to Poseidon, so these survivors of a world economic revolution attribute theirs to the Welfare State. But the library still circulates its outdated books, the chaplain ministers to a congregation of twelve (no sermons by request), water-colours are painted and in the winter the winds lash down from the Alps or come funnelling up the Gulf of Genoa, while fingers grow blue under brown mittens in unheated *pensions* and all life is contraction and avoidance. The English have changed since this community was founded. Friends of mine seeing the approaching spectre of retirement swear that they will shoot themselves before submitting to life in such conditions. Yet these once represented the Mecca of some of the professional classes. Assuming mistakenly that they still do, Mr. Roberts has written a chatty, long-winded book under which lies the pathetic skeleton of a brightly arid old age.

Why not try a new coast? The uncertain origins of the Basques—Are they Finns or Phoenicians, Atlanteans or aboriginal Iberians?—lends an incongruous air of mystery to a most bluff and direct people. Vivian Rowe's book is an excellent introduction to their country and customs, on both sides of the Pyrenees. It blends topography with architecture, history with accounts of local festivals, in very readable proportions. Lastly, if you plan a 26-day coach tour from Victoria to Málaga and have no previous knowledge of Spain and not much interest in it, *Spanish Holiday* tells you in detail what to expect. It even prints a list of the passengers, though without actually guaranteeing that they will be the same every year.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

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Makrokosmos

Dark Dominion. By DAVID DUNCAN. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

The Bright Phœnix. By HAROLD MEAD. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

Earthlight. By ARTHUR C. CLARKE. *Frederick Muller.* 10s. 6d.

The Year of the Comet. By JOHN CHRISTOPHER. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

Angelo's Moon. By ALEC BROWN. *Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

Category Phœnix. Edited by BLEILER and DIKTY. *Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

The most satisfying description of science fiction's basic appeal is Angus Wilson's: "at its best, intricately wondrous, fascinatingly clever." And for the lack of these qualities no amount of literateness or painstaking will compensate. Better the forced gimmick, the teetering on the edge of absurdity, better, indeed, the final lapse into total unintelligibility (as in *The Weapon Shops of Isher*) than some of the sober-paced, dismally predictable accounts of the launching of artificial satellites, or of the horrors of post-atom-war totalitarianism, which British publishers have been proffering in the last year or so. Of these there have been so many, so eerily repetitive in their subject-matter, that the memory balks at giving them separate pigeon-holes: each group makes up a blurred composite, like a number of similar photographs taken on one plate. The science fiction *novel*, in fact, seems all of a sudden to be distressingly short of fresh topics to discuss; which, in view of what the short story has done, and is continuing to do, in this respect, is absurd.

But this opinion comes, no doubt, of an overdose. For those who are not, so far, well up in the standard topics, some of the group of books under review will make good introductory reading. If you missed *Spaceways*, for instance—of the artificial-satellite-launching school—you can console yourself with the rather more distinguished treatment of the problem now made available in *Dark Dominion*: adult writing, unembarrassing characterisation, discovery of an interesting new metallic element, and a *dénouement* which, if not wondrous, is at least agreeably surprising. The story's one defect is that its climax seems to have taken the author almost as much unawares as it takes us: he appears to be by no means wholly conscious of the enormity of what he himself is saying.

Mr. Harold Mead, in *The Bright Phœnix*, is conscious of what *he* is saying, however; so much so, indeed, that he feels impelled to sum it all up in a sort of embryonic Journey of the Magi. This sounds bad. But, in fact, the thing is delicately done, and such piety as the book contains is concerned chiefly with the unquenchable Spirit of Man, perverted to a post-atom-war state religion, with "reconditioning" of malcontents and such-like scientific-totalitarian features already familiar to us from *1984*, *One* and the various other similar melancholy fictional prognoses with which our quaking souls have been so regularly titillated since the war came to an end. What the ultimate lesson of *The Bright Phœnix* is, I shouldn't much like to have to explain. But there certainly is one, and Mr. Mead certainly feels strongly about it, and this fact, combined with richness of texture, really skilful and sympathetic writing, and a talent for poignancy, makes his novel very good weight for your money.

But is it *wondrous*? Unfortunately no—less so, really, than *Earthlight*, which depends for wondrousness on serious scientific fact, and occasionally gets away with it. Re-emerging from his recent slightly disconcerting header into mysticism, *Childhood's End*, Mr. Clarke has reverted to more topical matters and has now succeeded in establishing himself firmly on the moon, about which he has a great deal of genuinely interesting lore to impart. His espionage story is very adequate to carry this information, along with two exciting action scenes; and my only regrets concern a certain naivety (as when grown men talk to one another about "naughty words") and a tendency to impede the real business of the book with conscientious attempts to humanise characters much better left as cardboard.

Earthlight is solid, *reliable*; the more restless-minded, and the more sophisticated, will probably prefer *The Year of the Comet*. The metal that Mr. Christopher offers is of fine quality even if lightweight; and the originality of his subject-matter, as of his extrapolated political and economic background, is much to his credit. The Managerials—Atomics, Telecoms, U.C., and so forth—are still with us, and it is from the intrigues between them that Mr. Christopher's plot takes its impetus. But an odd thing has happened: Mr. Christopher, after several years of almost perfect equanimity, has developed a sudden violent dislike for his Managerials; and in consequence of this we now learn that the State of Israel is pursuing a gallant, if somewhat solitary, policy of archaic nationalism outside the world-wide Managerial empire, and that here, certainly, is the treasure-house of the antique virtues which the Managerials so conspicuously lack. This is well enough; but when Israel starts an archaic nationalist war of aggression, seemingly with Mr. Christopher's approval, the reader's moral orientation is liable to suffer something of a jolt. Are the Managerials really so bad as to justify that? Get Mr. Christopher's eminently lively and readable book, and judge for yourself.

The quality of wondrousness, which so far in the books in this list has tended to be swamped by mere excellence, makes a modest come-back in *Angelo's Moon*. Here again, as with Mr. Christopher and Mr. Mead (not to mention, I'm afraid, a number of other books which could be named, all the way back to *Brave New World*), the contrast is between a soul-less over-mechanised totalitarianism on the one hand, and on the other the nice Primitives (us, more or less) living outside its boundaries. Mr. Brown's hero ping-pongs back and forth between these two cultures much as other heroes, in a similar predicament, have done before him. But this particular tale is given distinction by the unexpected court in which eventually Angelo comes to rest, and by his own reaction to the event; and meanwhile there has been a lot of good stuff about plant ecology (of all things), told with commendable gusto.

Finally, *Category Phœnix* should be read at any rate for the first of its three stories—*Firewater*, by William Tenn—amusing, wondrous, intricate, clever, and fresh as a daisy: in short, science fiction.

EDMUND CRISPIN

Book Society Recommendation

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FREDERICK MULLER

No Sackcloth

The Ashes. By IAN PEEBLES. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12s. 6d.

The Ashes Ablaze. By SIDNEY BARNES. *William Kimber.* 12s. 6d.

The Ashes Retained. By E. M. WELLINGS. *Evans.* 12s. 6d.

Australian Test Journal. By JOHN ARLOTT. *Phœnix House.* 9s. 6d.

Cricket books defy the normal laws of publishing. The reader not only knows, before he buys the book, what it will contain: he may even have read most of it before in his newspaper. Mr. Arlott's laboured narrative, for instance, can only be interesting or useful to someone who missed the papers last winter or suffers from a bad memory. There is nothing here except pedestrian reference material, no Test "atmosphere," and precious little useful criticism of the team. Mr. Wellings and Mr. Peebles do better. Their books do give a real impression of the Australian tour as a whole, and their comments are sensible, fair and relevant. But the relatively unconverted reader, accustomed to more robust and fast-moving prose, will turn to Mr. Barnes with delight. Not for him the pretence that cricket is a dignified rite. It is a war, not so much between two opposing teams—each of which he regards with unconcealed contempt—as between himself and all other commentators, cricketers and selectors, especially the Australian selectors. His book is not an account of the Test series at all, but a sturdy piece of pamphleteering.

Mr. Barnes has a peculiar style, by the Sydney *Daily Mirror* out of the Bush, and no sentence is complete without a string of derogatory adjectives. Reading him is an experience to be compared only to facing a fast bowler who is behaving like a barracking dervish. Australia's team for the first Test was, he says, picked "at a secret meeting in the Old Men's Home," and it consisted of

> a conglomeration of disused and worn-out junk scavenged from the wrecking yards owned and controlled by the Australian Cricket Board of Control . . . the selectors' blind fidelity to the pensioners of cricket, aged and infirm, should gain for them an everlasting governorship to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals . . .

So it goes on for nearly two hundred pages. "Australia's bowling had as much gas in it as a toy balloon"; and again, "England, a team of fragile quality, had swept like a devastating army of bogeymen devouring everything in their path except innocent small boys in country districts"; once more, "Australia had a team barnacled with senility, white-anted with failures." Everyone is washed up or "over the hill."

Mr. Barnes, taking wild swipes at every ball, sometimes talks about the matches, sometimes gives a graphic account of such stuff-shirted occasions as the civic reception at the Adelaide Town Hall, sometimes contradicts himself. His contribution to the Bedser controversy is complicated. On page 20 he writes that

> . . . any claims that he was handed "a raw deal" are merely the result of embarrassment of a former great bowler having fallen by the wayside.

By page 133 this has become

> In my opinion, Bedser was given a raw deal for

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MACDONALD

GERALD BARRY

has joined the News Chronicle as Literary Editor

BOOK PAGE *appears each* THURSDAY *in the*

NEWS CHRONICLE

he had proved beyond all doubt he was still the best new-ball bowler England possessed . . . the English selectors had ganged up on Bedser . . . the only inference was that his success [against South Australia] was causing embarrassment to "the white rose" clique.

Yet Mr. Barnes charitably agrees with the other three critics that Hutton's captaincy was first-class and that this was generally an unsensational and happy tour. He agrees, too, with their cautiously implied convictions that the Melbourne pitch was secretly watered over the week-end, and with their strictures on England's fielding.

I am myself a little puzzled at the simple way in which these writers simply assume that Denis Compton has seen his last Australian tour, even though Mr. Wellings says he "did splendidly" despite early unfitness and then injuries. After all, Compton headed the averages in Australia, and is still only 37—five years younger than Jack Hobbs at his best. One of the strange features of cricket journalism—and these books are fortunately more free of it than the columns of the press—is the formation of powerful lobbies. Hutton has been the persistent target of malicious criticism—and I suspect that many of the tears shed about Alec Bedser came from crocodiles whose snobbery blinds them to Hutton's personal decency and his supreme abilities. Before and during the tour, Hutton was harried by mean minds. And the M.C.C. and the selectors seem to be far too easily influenced by such cricket politics. David Sheppard, I am convinced, was built up as a potential English captain more by anti-Hutton journalists than by his own qualifications. May has been preferred over Bailey as vice-captain—and probably Hutton's successor—largely because the M.C.C. objected to Bailey's book about the West Indies tour. Mr. Wellings flatly asserts that this is the case, and there seems no reason to doubt it. On merit, and on character, Bailey is the obvious man to deputise for and to succeed Hutton.

With Hutton increasingly affected by rheumatic trouble, this controversy is clearly going to continue all summer, especially since Tyson's bowling has given May the initial success against South Africa that England's batting scarcely merited. But, for all Mr. Barnes's claim that England won last winter because her team was not "grotesquely bad at cricket like Australia," these books confirm that the Ashes were won because Hutton, the dour professional, knew his job and did it well.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Hard Play

White Magic. By J. M. SCOTT. *Methuen.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Wind of Chance. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Gunpowder Tunnel. By BRUCE CARTER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Smith's Hoard. By PAULINE CLARKE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Pigeongram Puzzle. By LOIS LAMPLUGH. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Adventure of the Blue Admiral. By DOROTHY CLEWES. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Children Who Lived in a Barn. By ELEANOR GRAHAM. *Puffin.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Elizabeth: Young Policewoman. By VALERIE BAXTER. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Impunity Jane. By RUMER GODDEN. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Whatever debility may be affecting the adult novel today has not touched (a seasonal visit suggests) its junior version, whose clear-eyed, clean-limbed, tireless heroes and heroines continue to explore everything except the deeps and shallows of human nature. How very different, one might murmur, from the home life of our *adult* novel-dwellers! Can it be these same carefree fictional teen-agers who will presently take their part in the literary realms of neurosis and sensibility? It is a formidable thought. Meanwhile, our sleuths and hikers have the world to scamper over: no ties, few parents, no *arrières pensées*. With J. M. Scott, for instance, they go straight to the Arctic regions. *White Magic*, an excellent story, is laid on the east coast of contemporary Greenland, where Christian Grainger, "a distinguished anthropologist who wrote books and lectured at Oxford about the primitive races of the world" has sailed out, with his young son and daughter to look for evidence of the lost Viking colonists. But in the unpredictable North there are sterner occupations, and the children find themselves alone in a nomad Eskimo camp which is paralysed by the white disease influenza. The Viking relics play a curious part in this skilful and authentic fantasy.

Young Michel in *The Wind of Chance* goes in another direction.

> "What am I to do there? What is waiting for me in the south?" "The unknown," said Don Luis, and his olive-hued face, lighted from below by the flame of the candle, looked radiant. "The unknown. Is there anything better in the world?"

Michel is to learn the values of the answer in the rain forests of the Ivory Coast, where he is sent by the mysterious Fabrégasse to learn the lore of felling the giant trees. Who is Fabrégasse, wheeling his crippled body in a rough wooden box, tracing out the author's recurring themes of endurance, solitude, silence and expiation, his knowledge of the high seas and the African jungle? This is a magnificent book in the Guillot manner, ruthless perhaps, but with a quality of poetry that is separate from the normal poetry of adventure.

The author of *Gunpowder Tunnel* has already found an original field in early railway history. His new story is about the early canals—specifically the digging of the great two-mile Sapperton tunnel between the Thames and the Severn in the late 1780s. It is perilous work for navvy and miner; and there are jealous contractors, rival factions at the tunnel ends, a splendidly evil lord, woods full of traps and gins. But against young Lance, the miner's son, and still more against Cressy, a wild girl with a tame (or private) fox, all the sinister forces are bound to fail. You may be left breathless by the pace, but aware, too, that this energetic and enterprising tale is really something out of the common.

Smith's Hoard has an archæological motif. A spiv-like character (with "dark greased hair waved on top") goes about the countryside buying up ancient gold ornaments turned up by the plough, and *melting them down*. But Alaster knows a Celtic torque when he sees one, even in a railway traveller's suitcase, and the course of the Norfolk holiday (two girls, two boys) is set. Oldish but sporting Aunt Edith ("the great thing in a village is to Join In") cheerfully co-operates, and a little information about Iron and Bronze Age workings gives ballast to a good adventure story. *The Pigeongram Puzzle*, a handsomely produced book, is based on another of the more wholesome adult preoccupations of our day—birdwatching: only, regrettably, it turns out to be a blind for *something else*. This is a holiday story with a sea coast setting, a local Flying Club (the author is very knowledgeable about aeronautics) and a "mystery" involving a code, which is always rather engaging. The young persons (all of mid, late, or post-school age) have the healthy lack of distinction that is proper to their years and tastes; but a well-poised old lady criminal (with bronze pointed shoes and long amber necklace) who instructs a youthful captive in the rules of cribbage does much to compensate. The National Gallery comes out well in *The Adventure of the Blue Admiral*; for picture-restoring, or rather the revealing of over-painting by infra-red photography, is the key to a sympathetic story, in which the usual group of children set out to discover a timid old lady's lost legacy. Holbein's "Thomas Moore" and Dicken's "Miss Haversham," who both stray somehow into the text, could do with a re-spelling; but it is nice to find them there at all.

The secret of the best adventure stories, *The*

Children Who Lived in a Barn admirably reminds us, is that the improbabilities are always on the large scale; the details must be plausibly exact. This interesting book is based on a brilliant yet simple idea carried firmly through to its conclusion—the camping out over a long period of five children who are not on holiday and have not, as far as they know, a home and parents to return to. The oldest is thirteen: there are the usual extravert twins; the youngest, most used to attention, has the least attractive disposition—a point that will be appreciated by readers. Mrs. Godly, the rector's wife, and Miss Ruddle, the district visitor, who hope to disband them into Homes and Orphanages, look vigilantly for proofs of failure; a kindly teacher advises on cooking, a farmer's wife on the weekly wash. But seen rather unnervingly from the child's-eye view, grown-ups show up poorly on the whole. Parents who find this account subversive should note that never did children work so hard or live so plainly at so little bidding. Children may note that the book costs only half-a-crown. The pictures (by Mary Gernat) are also attractive.

Career novels do good service and, being about other people at work, are always thoroughly readable. It is their curious mingling of vulgarity and innocence that affords so evil a joy to the adult reviewer. But the best career books avoid the easier adolescent baits, and it is fairer to choose one of these for the present list. I unequivocably recommend the sensible, shrewd, informative *Elizabeth: Young Policewoman. Impunity Jane*, a pretty tale of a doll with an adventurous soul and humdrum owners is, of course, for younger readers. It is almost impossible to go wrong with dolls in stories: their ability to remain still, stare glassily and avoid talking nonsense by preserving silence gives them an air of inscrutability which is a great asset in life and fiction—no real child possesses it. The book is not very long, but you can always start again at the beginning.

NAOMI LEWIS

Travel in Print

New books useful to the summer traveller may perhaps be conveniently divided into three groups.

Category 1: the utilitarian and reliable, rich in facts and reticent in impressions, impersonal in style ("a delightful side-trip can be made . . ."), designed for the business visitor as well as the tourist. Such are *The Year Book and Guide to East Africa* (7s. 6d.), and to *Southern Africa* (9s. 6d.), edited by A. Gordon-Brown (Robert Hale); Fodor's Modern Guide to *Switzerland* 1955 (Newman Neame, 15s.).

Category 2: the chatty and personal ("First we gathered armfuls of dry juniper branches"); highly selective as to sights, rich in tips for unusual excursions and special hotels—Bon Viveur's *Holiday in Sweden* and *Holiday in Denmark* (Muller, 5s. each); Gordon Cooper's *Fortnight in the Loire Valley, Fortnight in Denmark, Fortnight Around the Bay of Naples* (Percival Marshall, 3s. 6d. each); the same peripatetic author's *Your Holiday in Switzerland, Your Holiday in Norway* (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d. each), and *Motoring Holidays Abroad* (Newnes, 12s. 6d.); and the *Good Companion Guide to France*, by W. F. Stiles and H. J. Way (Nicholas Kaye, 3s. 6d.). Perhaps in this category, too, Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide* 1955-56 (Cassell, 5s.). Travellers who like this sort of guide book will also like *En Voyage: Learning French in France with the Lambs*, by Emile de Harven and M. J. Macdonald (MacGibbon & Kee, 10s. 6d.).

Category 3: the books that are written rather than compiled, that assume in travellers (who are already armed with a guide-book) an interest particularly in art, architecture and landscape. Such are Monk Gibbon's *Western Germany* (Batsford, 18s.), the World in Colour book on *Greece* edited by Doré Ogrizek (McGraw-Hill, 30s.); and Anna Janner's *Rome* with pencil drawings by Amerigo Bartoli (Thames & Hudson, 7s. 6d.).

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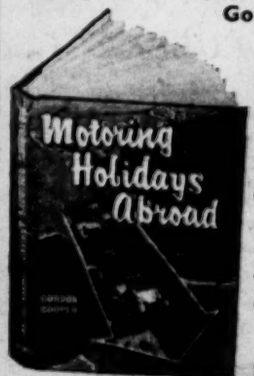

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Dead from the Waist Down

MR. G. H. VALLINS is a grammarian whose previous book, *Good English*, was very well received. He has now followed it with a somewhat more advanced manual, *Better English*, which is cast in much the same form. He lays down his rules and principles of grammar and usage, picking out sentences and paragraphs from the literary reviews as illustrations of errors, lapses and what he regards as slipshod English. Besides *The Spectator*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Observer* and others, the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is used extensively by him for this purpose, and I notice that quite a large number of the extracts he has chosen from it were written by me.

I am grateful to Mr. Vallins. No, I am not going to kiss his rod. I am grateful to him for bringing alive for me, after some thirty years, a little corner of literature which had previously remained dead to me—I mean those splendidly scurrilous and vituperative epigrams which poets like Catullus and Martial aimed at the pedants and grammarians. These meant little to me during the fifteen years' sentence which I served as a boy in the galleys of the classical drill. I hadn't the wits, it seems, to apply their scathing satire to the schoolmasters and dons who plagued me with their niceties of usage and beat me for disregarding them. But as I read through Mr. Vallins, echoes from the abuse of those luckily licensed writers came back to me alive and kicking. How dare Mr. Vallins re-write my sentences, and self-righteously pronounce my inversions "irresponsible"? May the gout cripple his stubby fingers! May styes fester him and may all his discs slip! May unmentionable things happen to unmentionable parts of him! May his ball-point pen leak on his only good suit!

Not that, as pedants go ("This construction is best avoided; it is ambiguous. Go where, for instance?"), Mr. Vallins is a bad little pedant; he is even quite a useful little pedant on his own ground. About other people's slips and lapses I notice he is often right ("an irresponsible inversion here, and the omission of a necessary *that*"). And ("an example of the intrusive conjunction after the full stop. The stop should be a semi-colon; alternatively the whole sentence, if it is worth keeping, should be reconstructed. See my suggestion on page 215") even this Homer has, I am prepared to concede, been caught napping occasionally.

> (An obvious piece of the mixed idiom. The writer had in mind two different expressions, the colloquialism *caught napping* and the dead phrase *Homer nods*. The sentence should read thus: *And this Homer has nodded*, for in this, the correct version, *occasionally* will be seen as the tautology that it really is [see CONCEALED TAUTOLOGY]).

I have no quarrel with Mr. Vallins so long as he sticks to the humbler levels of his subject. We are all guilty of sloppiness, of slips and of downright errors, and it is salutary for the victims, as well as enjoyable for the spectators, to see them exposed. Let us, indeed, indulge ourselves by exposing one of the more egregious of Mr. Vallins's. A mild little joke by a dramatic critic—"This is a show you should not fail to miss"—is quoted, listed under the heresy of the double negative and laboriously "corrected" out of itself by the author as follows:

> (11) (a) This is a show you should not miss.
> or
> This is a show you should not fail to patronise.

But pouncing on mere mistakes (especially when they are, as some of the examples Mr. Vallins has chosen obviously are, printers' errors or the results of careless proof-reading) is the bad schoolmaster's vice, and we had better leave it to that tribe. By all means let us blush for and repent our singular verbs with plural subjects, our hanging participles and our dead metaphors. And in so far as Mr. Vallins's book will help the Army class to write more correctly, he is welcome to our slips.

But it should be made much clearer than Mr. Vallins makes it that his rules and principles have only a very limited application. "The good writer," pronounces this teacher, "will express his thoughts in the most concise, and therefore the briefest, way possible." Let me assure Mr. Vallins's pupils that this, as a universal rule, is the most arrant, barefaced, puritan rubbish (since I mayn't express myself in the briefest way possible—by the crude monosyllable). What sort of rule is it which is denied in the practice of Dickens, Scott, Dostoevsky, Henry James, Proust, Pater, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Carlyle, Ruskin, Donne and Worsley, to name the first dozen old masters that come to mind?

In the later part of his book Mr. Vallins seeks to make pedantry the master in spheres where it should be a domestic servant. Indeed I increasingly wondered, as I read on, whether he is fit to be trusted even with the lower forms, so insensitive is his response to the values—as opposed to the rules—of language. "The good writer will express his *thoughts*. . . ." Now, in all but journeyman writing, feelings are every bit as important as thoughts, and the pressure of feeling may quite justifiably wrench the conventional syntax or the expected order. Let me take, as an example of Mr. Vallins's blindness to these values, a sample from the chapter headed "The Turgid and the Turbid," where he quotes—besides extracts from Pritchett, Graves, Empson and Critic—a large slice of Worsley, describing it as "a passage abounding in small errors and ambiguities." I grant him the ambiguities, as we shall see, and admit unreservedly one of his eight objections—a missing comma. But consider the following "error," as a sample, not of his method, so much as of his literary sensibility. Analysing our response to Chekhov's characters, I wrote the sentence:

> Our laughter at them is indulgent, our tears for them of pity, our judgement over them suspended.

Mr. Vallins's comment runs:

> (d) 'Our laughter . . . suspended': If the pattern of the sentence is to be symmetrical, as it should be, the adjective phrase 'of pity' should be replaced by the simple adjective *pitiful*; 'our judgement *of*,' not over.

This is a fair example of our pedant at his silliest, and it is worth a little analysis. By what law, formulated by whom, *should* a sentence be symmetrical? There is no rule either of grammar or style which demands it. Symmetrical sentences give certain kinds of effect, asymmetrical sentences give other kinds. That is all. Obviously the sentence could easily be made symmetrical, just as it is easy to make ginger ale flat with the aid of a shake and a wait. Did it not occur to old Flatfoot that symmetry has been avoided here deliberately, in order to give a shade of sharpness to a sequence that otherwise might have been swallowed whole? "Should be replaced by the simple adjective *pitiful*." If any simple adjective were the equivalent of my phrase, *pitying* would be nearer, partly because it is an adjective which implies activity, partly because common mis-usage has pushed *pitiful* a little off the true. But the really damaging thing about the pedant's suggestion (damaging to him, I mean) is that he obviously thinks that "of pity" can be just replaced by "pitiful," and no difference made. He cannot discriminate between the two. It might be argued, wrongly in my view, that they mean the same in logic. But they have, in the accountancy of writing, a different value. So, too, "our judgement *over* them is suspended" has not, I submit, the same "feel" or "weight" as his emendation, "Our judgement *of* them is suspended." My preposition (if a measure of boasting may be permitted) is rich in ambiguities of the Empsonian kind. *Over* brings with it the idea that we are above them—on that eminence from which judicial judgement is given. There is, as well, the faint suggestion that our judgement hangs above them like a sort of Sword of Damocles, and this shade of feeling colours the last word of the sentence, *suspended*, giving it almost the force of a double sense. My sentence, in brief, is meant to carry overtones with it (whether it does or not); the pedant's emendation makes it insipid, flavourless and flat.

If the pedant makes such heavy weather of so comparatively simple a sentence as this, you may well imagine the floundering that goes on when he finds himself really out of his depth, when he comes up against a truly creative writer, as he must do fairly frequently if he takes his examples from the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. When he is baffled, he falls back on a pretence (or do I flatter him?) of ignorance or on a facetious sarcasm. I must make my point by a rather long quotation. First he sets out an "offending" passage:

> 6. And so all his novels have the critical tone of experiments in autobiography. They are, more watchfully than in other novelists, the lives of possible selves. Detached writers are often more truly sensitive to the spirit of their time than the committed: revolution, war, and *coup d'état* left him energetically disgusted. He became indifferent. What did persist with him was the sense of campaign: his psychology is generalship. N.S.

* *Better English*. By G. H. VALLINS. *Deutsch*. 15*s*.

He follows it with this comment:

> A piece of reviewers' jargon that is almost too good to be true. The reader is set what is called nowadays a 'comprehension test':
>
> (i) What particular critical tone have all experiments in autobiography? Explain the difference between an autobiography and an experiment in autobiography.
>
> (ii) Elucidate the phrase 'more watchfully' in this context.
>
> (iii) Estimate the number of selves possible to the novelist referred to. Is it equal to the number of (a) his lives, (b) his novels?
>
> (iv) Define (a) 'detached writers,' (b) 'committed writers,' and add a note on what you consider they are detached from, and committed to.
>
> (v) How does one become 'energetically disgusted'? Outline the connection between disgust and indifference.
>
> (vi) Solve the equation 'His psychology is generalship.'
>
> No answers are given elsewhere in this book. There are none to give, except perhaps to the first question. The writer probably means simply "all his novels are like experiments in autobiography."

Now, I am perfectly willing to concede that this passage from Mr. Pritchett is difficult, especially out of its context—a neat touch; it is subtle, condensed and active, and it could, admittedly, be attacked for being over-subtle, over-condensed and over-active. But what are we to do, except throw up our hands in despair, when a man who presumes to teach Better English describes it as "a piece of reviewers' jargon almost too good to be true?" Can he really not distinguish between jargon and writing that is vigorously alive? If he hadn't put himself out of court with that insensitive comment, he certainly would have done with the sterility of his questions (*ii*) and (*v*)—pedants are by nature scared stiff of language that is dangerous enough to live. But the purblind crassness implied in his question (*iii*) is, I'm afraid, unforgivable. If he showed any sensitiveness to words and shades of meaning, if he gave evidence of an ear for the run of prose, I would merely suspend him from teaching. And I should set him to making several experiments in autobiography, in which he might try to discover in himself other selves than the sarcastic, opinionated school inspector he presents us with here. The number of selves possible, let me explain, would be limited only by the strength of his creative talent. But I see it would be a waste of time. One becomes energetically disgusted, if he wants to know, by such repetitious pedantry as one comes across, page by page, in a careful reading of the later part of his book. My disgust cannot be bothered with this fellow any further, but it is still energetic enough to pronounce sentence. Ten years proof-correcting of the London Telephone Directory! He will appeal, will he? On the grounds that I have not "explained" the sentence: His psychology is generalship? That only shows even more clearly that he is incapable of understanding the issue. Let me draw your Lordships' attention to his phrase "The writer probably means simply. . . ." The unrepentant owlishness of this expression is self-evident (*e.g.*, To be or not to be. . . . The writer probably means simply, Shall I commit suicide or not?) No author is safe while a grammarian capable of that phrase is left at large. Appeal dismissed.

T. C. WORSLEY

Communist China

Mandarin Red. By JAMES CAMERON. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

China and the Cold War. By MICHAEL LINDSAY. *Cambridge: Melbourne University Press.* 21*s.*

Books on China, Right, Left and Centre, are now appearing about as frequently as books about the U.S.S.R. did in the similar period after the first world war. They seldom tell me the thing I most want to know. After all, the essential question is not whether Communism makes a country more efficient or increases its standard of living, important though these are, but whether the abolition of class and the vast propaganda machine actually improve human relations as, theoretically, they should do. In brief, do people love one another more?

James Cameron, sensitive, thoughtful and intuitive, manages to throw more light on my problem than any of the other journalists whose accounts I have seen. His love of human beings, his hatred of cruelty, and passion for freedom are combined with a humour and a stylistic elegance that make him something like the H. W. Nevinson of our day. One could criticise him for being in a hurry and for repeatedly spelling Hankow, Hangkow, and, I think, for believing that the universal blue of Chinese costume is part of Communist discipline, whereas, in fact, Chinese peasants and workers have always worn blue and the blue uniform of the educated classes dates, I am told, from Sun Yat-sen. This uniformity of costume is a symbol to him of a distressing uniformity of mind. James Cameron takes it as a personal grievance that the girls all wear "boiler suits."

He feels this all the more because he fully realises the immense increase of happiness involved in the emancipation of women. Here, certainly, is one way in which Communism has added immeasurably to the sum of human happiness and of love. I should like to quote the whole of his delightful chapter on Chinese women, who now marry not into slavery and at their parents' demand, but into a new kind of independence and dignity. He gives a devastatingly flattering account of Miss Wang, who was a Model Worker at the tubing mill in Manchuria. She "had left school two years before, since which time her only ambition had been to dedicate herself, she said, to increasing production for the sake of the people's welfare. . . . 'I have to be good,' she said brightly, 'so that I may show my appreciation to Chairman Mao and the selfless generosity of the Soviet Union.'" He adds that he would have liked to take this "pious swot," this "saboteur of the People's League for Democratic Laughter," and roll her over once or twice in a scented haystack "just to see what would have happened." And then, in the grim conditions of this factory town, he goes to a dance, complaining that he still couldn't tell a boiler-suited girl from a boiler-suited boy. The whole thing was as "bitterly ungay" as a "Welfare Institute in one of the more dispiriting English provincial towns." But everything changed.

> Suddenly people came swarming out of the gloom trying to shake hands, and saying things one could not understand but that seemed eager and kind, and it did not seem false at all, but generous and full or lost laughter, and I was glad I had left Miss Wang to her Marx and come to see the people who, even here, were happier than they had ever been before.

Mr. Cameron's picture is real, and all the better for occasional outbursts of fury, when propaganda destroys his happiness and makes him doubt. "One occasional hint of fallibility," he says, "would do more good than a million words of jargon." Why, he asks, must official China pretend that everything is perfect just when you somehow discover that things are good?

Michael Lindsay, who worked as technical adviser with the Chinese Communists in Yenan from 1942 till the end of 1945, had no doubt at all about the fine record of Chinese Communism up till the date of his departure. He is outspoken about Chiang Kai-shek whose pledged word was constantly broken and whose notion of dealing with Communists was to bury them alive. He is equally frank in exposing the shocking ignorance of American Generals sent to help Chiang (one of them worked many months with the Kuomintang in the belief that the Generalissimo was Mr. Shek); he knew from personal experience that it was Yenan which wanted peace and that it was Communists who cared for the welfare and independence of China. Since then he has become disillusioned with the Communists. Like others who have seen them sweep away an evil past, he was obviously ill prepared for the fall from grace which follows when revolution boils down into government.

In this book, Lord Lindsay is not concerned with the domestic progress of China, but with its foreign policy, which he holds is objectively inconsistent with its avowed desire for peace. He argues, at unnecessary length and sometimes almost with pedantry, that Communist behaviour is sometimes inconsistent with Communist doctrine and that this must be the result either of fanaticism or irrationality. The fanatic, he explains, is prepared to attain his ends by any and every means and may, like Hitler, be unappeasable. He tends to the less pessimistic view that the matter with the Chinese is that their genuine desire for peace is muddled by irrational behaviour that may lead to war. In the course of this argument he discusses in some detail the stories of germ warfare, of Korea and the squabble over the repatriation of prisoners, and he analyses the effect of propaganda on both sides, apportioning blame, as he sees it, between Washington and Peking.

I am left wondering whether on the main issue it would not have been simpler and equally true to say that the Chinese Government, like others, means to achieve its ends by peaceful means but runs risks, owing to miscalculation and overconfidence, of finding itself committed to a war it wants to avoid. But I am grateful to Lord Lindsay for incidentally exposing many fallacies, digging deeper than most students of diplomacy, and ending his book with a constructive attempt to state a genuine peace policy for the West. He explains very sensibly why the Communists' "World Peace Campaign" is a failure, makes suggestions for creating a successful one, and urges that it is a duty of rational people to stand firm against irrational policies, whether they are advocated here, in the U.S.S.R. or in the States Recent changes in behaviour both in Peking and in Washington should cheer him a little.

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Twain's Joan as "an attempt to combine Bayard with Esther Summerson from *Bleak House* into an unimpeachable American school teacher in armour": but his own Saint, when free from Hibernian overtones, was a sturdy Alice in Wonderland with a slight Mummerset burr. Péguy, perhaps, came nearest to a plausible portrait; yet his very success helped to deepen the mystery, by making Joan seem more real.

Every callboy knows the story. The pious girl from Domrémy steps into history as the saviour of the Dauphin Charles VII. After her first successes, leading armies into battle at the bidding of her visions and voices, she is captured by the English, and tried for heresy and witchcraft by the ambitious Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. On May 28, 1431, she is burned in the market-place of Rouen. So far runs the well-known drama. But the full story is less neat and little more edifying. Eighteen years later, having lost the Burgundian alliance, the English are driven from almost all their Norman strongholds; and in 1450, after the recapture of Rouen, Charles VII orders an inquiry into the proceedings which had condemned Joan. The long process of her rehabilitation drags on for five-and-a-half years. Staged for obvious purposes, it wears an air of rather guilty justice. "At this inquiry," wrote Shaw in *Saint Joan*.

> there was shameless perjury, courtly corruption, calumny of the dead who did their duty according to their lights, cowardly evasion of the issue, testimony made of idle tales that could not impose on a ploughboy. Yet out of this insult to justice, this defamation of the Church, this orgy of lying and foolishness, the truth is set in the noonday sun on the hilltop.

If Shaw went beyond the secondary sources for this description, he almost certainly consulted Quicherat's edition of the documents relating to the trial and rehabilitation, published in 1841. For although the trial documents in this rare work were re-edited by Pierre Champion in 1920, and have been translated more than once, the records of the rehabilitation have been comparatively neglected. Not until 1953, in fact, did Mme Pernoud use them in her *Vie et Mort de Jeanne d'Arc*, here admirably translated, to paint a far brighter picture of the retrial than Shaw's.

She begins her narrative by recalling the background of the whole affair: Constantinople on the brink of invasion, the Church shaken by the Conciliar movement, France rent by war; nationalism, heresy, and witchcraft raising their heads. She traces next the origins of the rehabilitation, and then excerpts from its testimony a connected history of Joan's life. The flashback, as it were, eclipses the narrative medium until the last few chapters, when Mme Pernoud again asserts her own voice in commentary on the record. She includes in Appendices the inquiry's terms of reference, a list of some of the witnesses, and a tiny bibliography. Her book has no index.

Out of the material presented, several features emerge. Cauchon, whom *Saint Joan* makes almost sympathetic, is revealed as an overbearing scoundrel, whom only his English promoters thought too lenient to Joan. Shaw's scene of Joan's abjuration, likewise, is shown to be preposterous, since the version she signed was a doctored abridgment of what went into the record. Finally, Mme Pernoud exposes very clearly the legal irregularities of the original trial, and stresses the point that only Joan's resumption of male clothing—perhaps as protection from her gaolers—sealed her fate as a relapsed heretic.

This may be as much as the rehabilitation documents will ever finally reveal; but it seems a pity that Mme Pernoud could not have been more scholarly in her use of them. Although her bibliography includes Champion's account of the Stowe and other manuscripts, she herself appears to use only Quicherat. As she says, "there could have been no question of publishing the complete trial"; but adequate references to Quicherat, as well as to the "some historians" she frequently castigates, might have enhanced her work. So, too, would a more impartial view of the whole proceeding. This would have included the feeble support which Charles VII gave to Joan shortly before her capture: it would not have neglected his need for the inquiry as propaganda against the Dauphin Louis. Above all, it would not have allowed Mme Pernoud to make such easy distinctions as that between "the not very resplendent collections of judges" and the figures she introduces as "the upright souls." This tendency to flatter her own witnesses is present throughout her book: it obscures the single note of fear that dominates all the record. Certainly, Joan's portrait gathers warmth and colour from these reminiscences of her childhood, and the plain statements of soldiers that "she had beautiful breasts." But in admiring Joan, one must not forget her strangeness, her stubbornness, and her maddening subtlety. Nor must one lose all charity for those frightened men concerned in her condemnation, later stammering that they knew nothing, that they didn't remember.

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Churchill: His Life in Photographs. Edited by RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL and HELMUT GERNSHEIM. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

W.S.C.: a Cartoon Biography. Compiled by FRED URQUHART. With a foreword by SIR HAROLD NICOLSON. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

Sir Winston is not only the greatest public man our age can show: he is also the greatest self-dramatist of this century. Over the last 80 years he has written a succession of enormous parts for himself and he has played each of them magnificently and with a tranquil un-self-consciousness. Mr. Isaiah Berlin, in a now famous essay, has put his finger upon the source of Sir Winston's inspiration. "Mr. Churchill's dominant category," he writes,

> the single, central, organising principle of his moral and intellectual universe is an historical imagination so strong, so comprehensive, as to encase the whole of the present and the whole of the future in the framework of a rich and a multi-coloured past . . . the units out of which his world is constructed are simpler and larger than life, the patterns vivid and repetitive. . . .

Vivid and repetitive. Both these admirable documentaries cannot avoid being that. Mr. Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gernsheim give us the projection, the mischievous, sulky, grim-genial, tear-stained, defiant face that Sir Winston, over the years, has turned upon the world. Mr. Urquhart gives us ourselves. His book chronicles the total impact that the leadership, the oratory, the shifts and stratagems, the triumphs, the cloud of fame and high transactions—everything which taken together makes up a statesman's life—have made upon us, the public, for whom the great cartoonist is the delegated sounding-board. A Low or a Cummings, a Partridge or a Vicky, present us with a Churchill made in their and our image. This is how we reacted to the strangest phenomenon in our politics in 1904, 1914, 1922, 1939, and this time last year.

Here is Sir Winston in all his phases and disguises—as the brash member for Oldham (1902), telling his constituents that "the duties of confidential adviser to Lord Roberts are not light"; as the abusive Political Potboy of 1907, lambasted by a Birmingham evening paper for daring to jeer at a Chamberlain; in the famous Max cartoon of 1908, accosted by H. B. Irving ("Going to make a speech? Why not one of your father's?"); as a Gaelic Home Rule saint in a coracle, about to be snapped up by Carson; reclining on deck with Mr. Asquith, inquiring languidly "Any home news?", and being told "How can there be with you here?"; as a moujik, hypnotising John Bull with the Bolshevik scare; hurling brickbats into the Wells of Truth; Keeping the Hate Fires Burning; exchanging his homburg for Caesar's laurel wreath, *The World Crisis* for the *Commentaries*; as the favourite of Sultan Baldwin's harem; as the Sphinx of the Budget; out in the wilderness as Low's Wolsey; as Mahatma Windhi, yelling "Yah, untouchable!" after a retreating S.B.

Slowly the tide turns. The outcast becomes the Wanted Man (*Punch* marks the change most clearly here). So on, through the exulting bulldog cartoons of the war years—bulldogs alternating with the macabre sadistic gourmandizers of Simplicissimus and *Der Stürmer*—to 1945, with Vicky's superb "Tory Dream" of a Winston in every constituency and Low's chivalrous post-election comment from the Leader of Humanity to the Party Leader ("Cheer up! They will forget *you* but they will remember *me* always"). An "illustrated catalogue of half a century of abuse" Sir Harold Nicolson calls the book in his foreword. It is a kaleidoscopic history of opinion, a world's eye view of the life of a man "who has aroused much hatred in his time and who at the end knows himself to be surrounded by the gratitude of all good men".

If anything, the photograph album is even better than the cartoons. A theme—Pomp and Circumstance perhaps, or Sir William Walton's Spitfire Overture—runs through its pages, the frock-coat, bow-tie and topper preserving, amid the weirdest, most assorted wardrobe in history, the *gravitas* and continuity of public life. All the well-known pictures are here, but for the student of Sir Winston's life and times there are a number of new and engrossing items. One I find particularly striking. In Mr. Urquhart's collection there is a superb Raven Hill cartoon (*Punch*, November, 1910) entitled "Students on the Make." It represents Churchill and F. E. Smith sitting on a sofa devouring Monypenny and Buckle's *Life of Disraeli*. The dialogue goes as follows:

> MR. F. E. SMITH: "Master of epigram—like me!"
>
> MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "Wrote a novel in his youth—like me!"
>
> TOGETHER: "Travelled in the East—like us. How does it end?"

Churchill first met Birkenhead in 1906. "From that hour," he writes in *Great Contemporaries*, our friendship was perfect. . . .

> . . . He had all the canine virtues in a remarkable degree—courage, fidelity, vigilance, love of the chase. He had reached settled and somewhat sombre conclusions upon a large number of questions, about which many people are content to remain in placid suspense. . . .
>
> . . . People were afraid of him and of what he would say. Even I, who knew him so well, refrained from pushing ding-dong talk too far when others were present, lest friendship should be endangered. . . .

The whole essay makes remarkable reading—not least the last sentence I have quoted. Politics is a hard game and those who play for power must, if they are to play successfully, surrender their sensitivity as the price of their intoxication. (This is why intellectuals and politicians so seldom understand one another and why the intellectual politician, in this country especially, is generally so ineffective.) Churchill and Birkenhead played the great game and they played it for high stakes. In a sense both men (F.E. at all times, Churchill at certain moments in his life) were adventurers, buccaneers of genius: both, in the hands of really experienced party wire-pullers like Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, were as babes and sucklings. (Lord Beaverbrook has stressed this point brilliantly in his book, *Politicians and the War*, where he discusses F.E.'s and Churchill's fumbling attempt at a coalition in 1914, an attempt that, as Lord Beaverbrook points out, had to wait for the fusion of Lloyd George and Bonar Law to be effective.) Nothing in this photograph album is so moving—moving both in its irony and in its pathos—as the picture of Churchill and Birkenhead closeted in a railway carriage almost twenty years after Raven Hill drew his cartoon in *Punch*. Churchill has some papers in his hand, Birkenhead sports a carnation. Both men are absorbed, intent, both are smoking big cigars. They are both of them out of office, they are both conspiring to get back in, they are still stalking the glittering prizes. Both have an air of extraordinary youthfulness, of ingenuous plotting, the air of boys planning to rob an orchard. How, each of them is still asking himself, will it end?

JOHN RAYMOND

New Novels

A Fable. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The City and the Mountains. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There Was an Ancient House. By BENEDICT KIELY. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Midnight Patient. By EGON HOSTOVSKY. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Two, at any rate, of these four can be read for pleasure. They are: the third novel (to be translated into English) by that delightful Portuguese nineteenth-century master, de Queiroz—one of his later works and well up to his standard of graceful originality; and a rather captivating little picture of life in an Irish monastery by Mr. Kiely. But the excitement of the week, the new William Faulkner, is a real piece of reviewer's bane, one of those gigantic masterpieces that never look like coming off, a stratocruiser that crashes before leaving the runway. Let me, as a token of respect, deal with it first.

The plot of *A Fable*, though it takes much hard reading to disentangle, turns on how, in 1918, an incarnation of Jesus Christ, a corporal in the French Army—himself the illegitimate son of the Commander-in-Chief — together with twelve privates, started a mutiny in a regiment on the Western Front. The events leading up to the Corporal's execution follow, roughly, the events of Holy Week, with one or two extras, such as The Temptation, for good measure. There are

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digressions in all directions into the *demi-monde* of wartime London; into the trenches with a British platoon, where another pacifist makes his protest against the war and is kicked to death; into Negro racing circles in the Southern States, into peasant life in the Lebanon. It is far more of a novel about the first world war than a modern dress crucifixion, yet the allegorical element is ubiquitous; it makes, combined with Mr. Faulkner's discursiveness, for the utmost confusion. There is no character, in the absence of the Corporal, who is a shadow, with whom to identify oneself, or to supply a focus of narrative interest. There is a sustained torrent of misanthropy—understandable enough but inevitably rather tedious combined with a strange, possibly neo-Manichean system of thought in which Good is regarded as an occasional by-product of Evil. The style, after a rather flat, chronicle kind of opening, soon develops special peculiarities.

This is a long novel, nearly four hundred pages; Mr. Faulkner took ten years writing it and he can scarcely have used more than one full stop per month, for many sentences are pages long. The effort required from the reader is, therefore, considerable; when you have recovered from the preliminary fit of exasperation, you will probably decide that it is worth making for the sake of the intermittent corpse-flares of genius that light up this great grey boneyard of a book.

The influence of Flaubert over de Queiroz was clearly very strong. You get the feeling that he turned regularly to the giant Norman for inspiration before he began to write. *The City and the Mountains* was plainly touched off by *Bouvard et Pécuchet*; yet it is no mere pastiche; both the characterisation and the final impression which the book makes are singularly Portuguese. Jacinto, a rich young landowner from the mountainous province of Alentejo, whom we see through the eyes of his old school friend, Zé Fernandes, insists on living in Paris. His enormous flat in the Champs Elysées is the last word in modernity, the modernity of 1902, or thereabouts, and fashionable intellectualism. There is an observatory on the roof and in the library a forest of spiky Gothic telephone and speaking tubes with ivory mouthpieces, through which Jacinto gives orders to his Negro servant Cricket: ". . . See if the Spiritists are free on Sunday. . . I shall take a warm shower, 17° Centigrade, before supper. Friction, with geranium juice." Everything is always going wrong; steam-pipes burst; new electric light wires fuse liberally; Jacinto gets singularly little pleasure out of his gadgets, least of all from his mistress of whom he owns only a piece—"There are seven of us, all from the Club: I pay my share . . . but that's purely out of Civic Loyalty to endow this City with a Monumental Cocotte." The climax of the Paris part comes with a preposterous dinner-party at which the lift crashes and the Grand Duc D'Anjou fishes for the fish with one of Mme Oriol's golden hairpins.

Soon after this—and a brilliant little account of an obsessional love-affair between Zé Fernandes and a sultry pick-up—the friends set off for Portugal. The second half of the book is a triumph for the rural idyll over the effete amusements of cosmopolis. Jacinto settles down in the sierra, marries Zé Fernandes's cousin and becomes a model landowner, provident and paternal. Despite the admirably vivid description of the cork-oak countryside, and some nice rural comedy, there is something almost mawkishly sweet about the happiness at the end. The satirical contrast may seem naive, though the Portuguese are renowned for their non-violence, and to young absentee landlords at the turn of the century the book may have come as a stinging chastisement. To us, it remains a delightful and original comic mixture, alive and clear.

There Was an Ancient House has, for me, that extra special fascination which novels about closed institutions—schools, prisons, hospitals, ships, regiments—always exert. We follow thirty young monks of a religious order, established in a former Irish country house, through the first year of their novitiate. Interest is mercifully focused on two in particular: Jim Mackenna, young and imaginative, and Barragry, an older man, an experienced journalist with an amorous and alcoholic past behind him, who has had a sudden call. They, and their spiritual guide, the Master of Novices, are nearly always in the foreground. The influence of Joyce is strong in the style, but Mr. Kiely is sympathetic towards the Roman Church and his novices, anyway, are some years older than Stephen Dedalus, old enough to be out of the immediate range of hellfire. The picture of everyday religious life is bright and true, obviously firsthand. In the end Mackenna, through ill-health, and Barragry, because his past catches up on him, fail to stay the course. Mr. Kiely is writing very nicely indeed.

The dangers of psychoanalysis to security ("Just lie down and relax, Comrade Molotov, and say the first thing that comes into your head.") were realised early on in the Stalinist era. *The Midnight Patient* about a Czech refugee psychotherapist who is set to work in New York for American Intelligence, comes to us strongly recommended by Graham Greene. (Note how novelists, with the best will in the world, always seem to recommend their own shadows.) Dr. Malik, who tells the story in the first person, has an ingenious plan for causing incalculable ideological sabotage, but the mysterious colonel, to whom he has confided it, assigns him to treat Alfons, another refugee and an ace-agent, who is in danger of cracking up. Other patients, possible Communist agents, file in and out of his consulting room. The familiar whose-side-is-who-on? problem became so insistent that presently my head was all wheels within wheels and Kafka within O.G.P.U. I remain convinced that it falls, rather heavily, between superior thriller and contemporary allegory, but my personal allergy to the latter is so violent that I may be wrong.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,321

Set by J. P. Stevenson

Boswell relates how Johnson once amused himself by trying to push a dead cat over a weir with a pole. Tiring, he passed the pole to Boswell, "and, being a fresh man, I soon made the cat tumble over the cascade." Unexpected glimpses are invited from Dalton's *Bevan*, Betjeman's *Eliot*, or any other (as yet unpublished) contemporary memoirs—any nationality. Limit 100 words. Entries by June 28.

Result of No. 1,318

Set by Naomi Lewis

Serious poems are often made ridiculous by parody; the reverse process is almost entirely unknown. Prizes are offered for an ennobling of any familiar limerick, clerihew, or other short light verse into a poem by Milton, Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, or Dr. Watts. Limit 14 lines.

Report

The *unfrivolity* of this assignment evidently touched a deep moral chord in competitors. Entries were many, and the prizewinners hard to choose. Some managed to weed themselves out by unlikely metres or scansion; some by merely lifting the phrase. To invoke the Miltonic or Wordsworthian laws of gravity—in fact, to write like any other writer—requires a capacity not for imitation but for temporary self-hypnosis. You must become your poet. The illustrious four, moreover, offered entirely different ethical resolutions. W. J. Mowbray presented a fearful symbolism (Tiger as Poet) in his four ingenious variations on the Lady-in-Tiger theme; thus, for Whitman:

Whoever you are, riding now upon my back,
I give you fair warning, before you attempt me further,
I am not what you supposed, but far different. *etc.*

Compare the Wordsworthian *dénouement* (which no one quite equalled) of G. F. C.

Sweet influence! though Lucy now
No longer walks the green,
Upon that savage creature's brow
Her smile can still be seen.

"Sweet influence!" is masterly. One and a half guineas each go to Leslie Johnson for his Wordsworthian old man who said how, and to Edward Blishen (whose four telling entries included the only version received of "I know two things about the horse"); fifteen shillings each to Charles Race, A. M. Sayers, Alice James, June Mercer Langfield. Very close runners-up were C. M. Goller, Vincent D. Mann, the Rev. J. P. Stevenson, Michael Stewart, Mary Pedoe, Alberick, Tiger, D. McRitchie, Pibwob, Hilary, D. P. Morse, H. A. C. Evans, J. O. McBryde and D. W. Barker.

WORDSWORTH TAKES OVER A LEAR LIMERICK

Hodge! I remember how we would debate
The barrier that Nature's mystic plan
Had raised between the animals and man,
In that by speech we cannot intimate
Our minds to them, while they, in equal state,
Are wordless, though not dumb. Once I began,
Observing how a gentle smile did span
Thy face, while thou wast seated on a gate
Or stile, to question thee. Then answered thou:
"Just as the radiant sun's engaging beams
Softly assuage the fretful child, the while
Its ear is yet untuned to words, it seems
That in like wise the sunshine of my smile
May soothe the brutish bosom of yon cow."

LESLIE JOHNSON

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, BY DR. WATTS—

Do worse, my child, you never can
Than interrupt a busy man.
Who forces bees their blooms to leave
Shall make the very angels grieve.

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

SALES EXCEED £107,000,000
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REVALUATION OF PROPERTIES
EXTENSIVE PROGRAMME OF STORE DEVELOPMENT

The twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer Ltd., was held on the 9th June at 82, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) who presided said:—

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Our profit, after tax, amounts to £4,468,000—an increase of £1,451,000 over last year. Provision for taxation requires £4,800,000 against £4,850,000. With £2,561,000 brought forward there is £7,029,000 available for distribution.

The Directors recommend a Final Dividend of 30 per cent. on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares which, together with the Interim Dividend of 15 per cent., makes a total of 45 per cent. for the year. Last year's dividend was equivalent to 32½ per cent. on the present Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Capital. After the transfer of £2,000,000 to General Reserve, the balance to be carried forward is £2,515,000.

REVALUATION OF PROPERTIES

At the end of July last year the Board instructed Messrs. Healey and Baker and Messrs. Hillier, Parker, May and Rowden to prepare a joint valuation of the Company's Freehold and Leasehold Properties. The figure set upon the value of the properties at the 31st March, 1955, is £35,297,191, as against our book value of £12,563,333 at the same date, and an original cost of nearly £16,000,000.

In their Report to the Board the Joint Valuers emphasise that our stores are situated almost without exception in premier positions in the principal shopping centres of the main towns and cities throughout the country.

They conclude their Report with the following statement:—

> "We are of the opinion that the group of operational properties, which has taken many years to build up, forms a most valuable and outstanding retail chain which under present conditions would, for all practical purposes, be virtually impossible to repeat."

It is gratifying to have this independent judgment of the success of the policy we have pursued so consistently since the formation of the Company.

We have incorporated the new value of our properties in the Accounts for the year 1954-55. The surplus revealed by the valuation, amounting to £22,733,858 has been credited to our Reserve Accounts.

POST-WAR STORE DEVELOPMENT

During the war we lost a number of our stores through bombing, many were damaged, and all of them suffered years of enforced neglect. The most urgent need, therefore, was to rebuild and restore these properties.

Building controls and restrictions continued to be applied for some years to our class of property with almost wartime severity. But as building restrictions were eased we put in hand a developing programme of structural and decorative work.

It was not until 1951, six years after the end of the war, that we were at last able to begin the rebuilding of our bombed stores. I am glad to say that fourteen of the bombed stores have been rebuilt and are trading, and that the rebuilding of the last one is under way.

These stores have been rebuilt to high standards of construction. They are more spacious, they accommodate more customers in greater comfort and enable them to see and handle the wider range of merchandise we now offer. Modern systems of heating, lighting and ventilation have been installed and the amenities for the staff—Dining Rooms, Rest-Rooms and the like—have been planned on the most up-to-date lines.

With the complete removal of building controls in November, 1954, a new phase began. At long last we were free to draw up a more systematic plan of development, and we accordingly set in motion a considerable programme of work. The emphasis of this programme, which involves an investment during the current year of about £3,000,000, is upon the extension of some thirty important stores.

The costs of building, restoring and developing our stores have been heavy. In the ten years up to March 31st last the expenditure amounted to some £18,000,000, all of which has been found from earnings.

The fruits of this policy of expansion can be seen in the volume of business and the profits we now report. We plan to continue this policy systematically. Many of our stores are ripe for development. The investment required will be large. A considerable part will be found, as in the past, from retained profits. But in order to ensure that our development goes forward at the pace we consider desirable, additional funds will be needed.

As a result of the revaluation of Properties, the Company's borrowing powers under the existing Debenture Trust Deed have been greatly increased and facilitate the acquisition of such further funds as may be required for the development of the business.

GENERAL SURVEY

I am pleased to report that our sales again increased substantially during the year. Our turnover exceeded £107,000,000 over £13,000,000 more than the previous year and £22,000,000 more than two years ago.

It has been a year of continuing national prosperity. With full employment, higher wages, and rising productivity, the purchasing power of the community is steadily increasing. The standard of life of the great majority of our people has risen appreciably. The nation has indeed come a long way since the period of shortages and rationing, less than three years ago.

The fertilisation of industry by science and technology is surely one of the main causes of this remarkable change in our economy. Vast opportunities, rich in promise for the future, are open to the active partnership of industrialists and men of science. This partnership has already resulted in the establishment of entirely new industries, and has given new life to many of the older industries

An interesting feature of this development is its widespread character. Every area of the country is benefiting from the up-surge of industrial activity. This, naturally, is having an important impact also on the shopping centres of our cities and towns. Our own programme of store expansion has been planned to cope with this actual and potential increase of business.

Our work in building up a system of fine stores is matched by an unceasing search for better goods and improved values, always bearing in mind the prices which the public can afford to pay.

This work of up-grading the wide variety of goods we sell is a collective effort. Our executives and the members of the buying departments work in close collaboration with our technical and specialist staffs to whose contribution we attach much importance. Their activities are having a considerable effect on the character and quality of our goods, upon which our reputation depends.

It is gratifying to state that 99 per cent. of the goods we sell are made in Britain. Last year British mills supplied some 90 million yards of woven cloth and approximately 30 million pounds weight of hosiery yarns for our garments.

Our food division is benefiting by the fact that raw materials are now in free supply. We are therefore able to specify the best ingredients for particular products which are in great demand.

As you are aware, we demand the highest standards of hygiene and cleanliness in the production or handling of foodstuffs, and we enjoy the co-operation of our suppliers and of our staff in this policy.

POPULARITY OF "ST. MICHAEL" TRADE MARK

Our customers, who are very discerning and selective, are quick to respond to our improved values. Our brand name "St. Michael" is accepted as a hall-mark of quality and taste.

We concentrate much effort in creating these values and services which have won the confidence of our public. We shall strive to maintain their goodwill—an asset which we cherish most highly.

TRIBUTE TO MANUFACTURERS

It is always a pleasant duty to pay tribute to our manufacturers and suppliers, and to thank them for their co-operation. The production of the large quantities of goods and materials we require, and the high standards we set have faced them with many problems. Many are investing large sums of money in order to expand still further their business with us. This is evidence of their confidence in our future progress together.

We give much though to the ways in which we can help to iron out seasonal fluctuations in production. We try to estimate our requirements well in advance, and in consultation with our suppliers arrange a steady rhythm of production and delivery. This system brings about substantial economies in costs, the benefit of which we pass on to our customers, on whose approval and support both we and our suppliers are dependent.

STAFF AND WELFARE

It has been my privilege for many years, on behalf of the Board, to thank the members of our staff of all grades for their devoted service, which means so much to the success of the business and the high reputation which our Company enjoys with the public.

The well-being of our staff is of deep concern to the Board, and we encourage every activity of our Personnel and Welfare Departments directed to that end. We regard welfare work as an important and, indeed, inseparable part of staff management. Our welfare activities are many and varied, and our 30,000 staff are distributed throughout the country. But I am happy to say that those who are responsible for this work maintain that personal touch without which their efforts would lose much of their value.

I have to report with much regret the death of Mr. J. Levi, our Dental Superintendent. It was thanks to his initiative that we were able to inaugurate our dental services as long ago as 1935.

Our welfare and health services are, of course, only one element in the happy atmosphere throughout the business. The extensive provision which we make for training and education is much appreciated by our staff, who know that an expanding business is one with great opportunities for personal development and promotion.

The report and accounts were adopted.

GEORGE

BEVERLY SHEA

The gospel singer in the Billy Graham Crusade

Beautiful garden of prayer;
Sunrise;
The Holy City;
Farther along;
I walked today where Jesus walked;
The love of God;
Take my hand, precious Lord;
Somebody cares
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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED (RECORD DIVISION) 8-11 GREAT CASTLE ST. LONDON, W.1

33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS

Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY

Group's Good Year

The Fifty-sixth Annual General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., was held on June 13 in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G., the Chairman, in the course of his speech said: In my speech last year I referred to the fact that trading during 1953 had in general been on a steadier basis than in the previous year with demand at a much more normal level. This pattern continued during 1954. The maintenance of full employment and the high level of business activity in the United Kingdom resulted in a substantial increase in demand in most branches of our business. Overseas demands also increased with the result that the turnover of the Group, including inter-company sales, showed an increase from £243 million in 1953 to £262 million. During the year, however, the prices of many products were on a lower level so that this comparison of turnover values does not give a true picture of the increased activities of the Group. It is difficult to express our varying range of products in terms of a common unit, but we estimate that, over all, the volume of the Group increased by about 15 per cent. This was achieved in the face of intense competition, not only in the United Kingdom, but in every country in which we manufacture or to which we export.

Price of Rubber

For the last two years I have made reference to the fall in the price of rubber which is, of course, our principal raw material. Just to refresh your memories I would remind you that at the end of 1951 the price was 41d. per lb., whilst a year later—in December, 1952—it was 27d. per lb., and by December, 1953, it had fallen still further to 17d. per lb. In 1954, however, this downward movement was reversed, with the price rising gradually in the early part of the year, more rapidly towards the end, and finishing at 30d. per lb. Thus during the year we had an increase of 13d. per lb., and so far in the current year the price has kept more stable at around 26d. to 27d.

I make no apology for restating these movements in the price of rubber, as I think it is only right that you should appreciate the very great difficulties your Board and Senior Executives have in controlling costs and selling prices when the principal raw material, and consequently the major portion of cost, fluctuates to this extent. Fortunately, during 1954 we did not suffer the heavy inventory adjustments of the two previous years. On the other hand, as the selling prices of our products reflect no more than our increased costs as they occur, we do not derive any benefit from inventory gains. I think this is an important point to mention as there appears to be an impression in some quarters that when the price of rubber rises the Dunlop Group must make substantial profits on inventories.

What I have just said is amply confirmed when reference is made to our profit margin which during 1954 was 6.2 per cent. (before tax), compared with 6 per cent. in the previous year, and our unit profit during the year was somewhat lower than in 1953. You will see, therefore, that as our volume has increased we have operated on a lower margin of profit and have thus passed over to the consumer most of the benefit which has resulted.

Joint Consultation

Due to the expansion of our activities the total number of employees in the Group now exceeds 90,000; in the United Kingdom the number increased in 1954 to over 46,000 which was 3,000 more than in 1953 and 91 per cent. above the 1945 total. The joint consultative arrangements, of which Dunlop has been one of the pioneers, have made an important contribution to the good relations which we have maintained throughout the year with our employees. Joint consultation is working smoothly at all our factories and continues to provide valuable assistance in the improvement of working conditions, welfare and productivity.

From what I have said today and from the Directors' Report you will conclude that 1954 has been a good year for the Group. We are confident of our trading position in all the countries in which we operate, our factories are working efficiently, and in most cases to full capacity, and our financial position is sound with substantial reserves.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Of that least sluggardly of men,
Who artist was yet toiler, Wren,
A tale is told that may make clear
My precept to an infant ear.

"Do not," said he, "('tis my behest)
Admit to me the idle guest.
Inform him I must now devise
A shrine of gratifying size." Edward Blishen

—and by Wordsworth

Tax not the Architect with vain pretence
or dereliction of his Task sublime
of building to outlast the touch of Time
A Temple dedicate to him whom sense
Taught things invisible, if, at the calls
of festive sociability, great Wren
consented to go forth with lesser men,
Yet smiling said he still did plan St. Paul's!

For often, when reluctantly we pause
from higher cares to mingle with the crowd
in innocent distraction, there is given
A blessed mood of insight, which the laws
of conscious cogitation ne'er allowed,
and we may truly claim to build towards Heaven!

Charles Race

Knox's faith healer of deal, by Milton

He of the Thanet Isle, who claimed to heal
By faith and faith alone corporeal ills,
Then sadly spake. "Full well I know that pain
Is fantasy of evil, bred of sin
And alien to the pure spirit. Yet oft, when I,
O'ercome by labour and the heat of noon,
On verdant bank or mossy bole have thrown
My limbs to rest awhile, behold, some thorn
Hath pierced my thigh, and through my members spread,
Like baseless rumours through a peaceful realm,
Foolish alarms which, though my soul denied,
This gross integument of flesh received
For very truth of woe." A. M. Sayers

Walter Raleigh's wish about the human race—ennobled by Walt Whitman

How I yearn to experience the ecstasy of loving my fellow man.
Why should the joy of looking with tenderness
Into his meaningless countenance
Have been withheld from me?
I long to find pleasure in the way he moves about,
And his method of giving voice to his thoughts.
But most of all
I long for the ineffable rapture
Of feeling excited when I make the acquaintance
Of one who until then has been mercifully unknown to me. Alice James

Billy's sash, by W.W.

What ails that aged labouring man who sits,
Nor lifts his hand to stir a fire grown pale?
Is't Idleness, or has he lost his wits?"
He heard my voice, and told his mournful tale.

"Alas, kind sir," he cried, "A woeful day,
A day of woe this is to me and mine!
And yet 'tis but an hour we all were gay
To see my little grandson look so fine.

Young William danced for joy at his new sash,
Till, careless grown, into the fire he fell.
Now, though 'tis chill, I dare not stir this ash
For 'tis my infant grandson." "Thou dost well,
Old man," I cried, "nor sad thy tale to me
Uplifted by thy simple piety."

June Mercer Langfield

The Chess Board

No. 298 Happy Birthday to Vidmar

Since most of the anniversaries noted in this column inevitably refer to someone long ago retired to that quiet corner in the Elysian Fields exclusively reserved for chess players, it is all the more pleasing to offer felicitations to a grandmaster still very much alive. On June 22 Milan Vidmar will celebrate his 70th birthday. He is, of course, a physicist of international renown and has long held a dominant position in the academic life of his country. Yet while so much preoccupation in more important fields has left him little time for chess in recent decades there can be no doubt that Yugoslavia's eminence in the chess world and that virile nation's remarkable *richesse* in grandmasters has been largely inspired by the Professor's example and the proud memory of his past exploits. Here's how he trounced the great Rubinstein in 1918. The Budapest Defence was then all the rage, and Vidmar would not hesitate to try it against his formidable opponent.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(13) P-K3?	Kt x Kt
(2) P-QB4	P-K4	(14) BP x Kt	Kt-K5
(3) P x P	Kt-Kt5	(15) Q-B2	Q-R4 ch
(4) B-B4	Kt-QB3	(16) K-K2	R x B!
(5) Kt-KB3	B-Kt5 ch	(17) P x R	B-B4
(6) Kt-B3	Q-K2	(18) Q-Kt2	R-K1
(7) Q-Q5	B x Kt ch	(19) K-B3	Kt-Q7 ch
(8) P x B	Q-R6	(20) K-Kt3	Kt-K5 ch
(9) R-B1	P-B3	(21) K-R4	R-K3
(10) P x P	Kt x P (f6)	(22) B-K2	R-R3 ch
(11) Q-Q2	P-Q3	(23) B-R5	R x B ch!
(12) Kt-Q4	O-O	(24) K x R	B-Kt3 ch etc.

Here—playing White against Euwe at Karlsbad, 1929—Vidmar let himself in for a position in which he seemed to face inevitable mate; but he had seen further than his redoubtable opponent and calmly announced a mate in 5 himself.

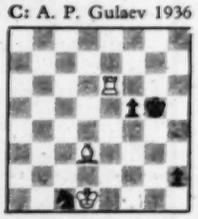
(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(20) P-KKt4	R-B2
(2) Kt-KB3	P-KKt3	(21) P-B5	KP x P
(3) B-Kt5	B-Kt2	(22) P x P	P-KKt4
(4) QKt-Q2	P-QB4	(23) KR-K1	Q-B3
(5) P-K3	P-Kt3	(24) P-R3	QR-QB1
(6) B-Q3	B-Kt2	(25) R(2)-Q1	R-B5
(7) O-O	P-KR3	(26) P-Q5	P-QR4
(8) B-KB4	P-Q3	(27) Kt-Q2!	Q-Q5 ch
(9) P-B3	Kt-R4	(28) K-R1	Q x QP
(10) Q-Kt3!	Kt x B	(29) B-K4	K x B
(11) P x Kt	O-O!	(30) Kt x R	Q x BP
(12) QR-Q1! (B x P?)	Kt-B3!	(31) Kt x QP	B x P ch
(13) B-Kt1	P x P	(32) K x B	R-B7 ch
(14) P x P	P-K3	(33) K-R1	Q-B5
(15) Kt-K4!	Kt-K2	(34) R-K8 ch	B-B1
(16) Q-R3	Kt-B4	(35) R x B ch!	K x B
(17) R-Q2!	Q-K2	(36) Kt-B5 ch	K-Kt1
(18) Kt-Kt3	Kt x Kt	(37) Q-B8 ch!!	K x Q
(19) BP x Kt	KR-QB1	(38) R-Q8 mate	

A: Milan Vidmar 1907

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White can force the mate in at most 5 moves. How? **B**—White to win—is one of Vidmar's fairly rare attempts at composition, produced while still a schoolboy; it is a very pretty study, but none too difficult for 6 ladder-points. Nor should **C**—White to draw—provide too many headaches for 7 points.

B: Milan Vidmar 1903

C: A. P. Gulaev 1936



Usual prizes. Entries by June 27.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 295. Set May 28

A: (1) Kt-Kt2, K-R4. (2) K-Kt7, P-R3. (3) Kt-B6 ch., K-Kt4. (4) P-K4, P-R4. (5) P-R4 mate.

B: (1) B-B6 ch., R-Kt2. (2) B (P) x R mate. (2) P-R4, B-B2 mate.

C: (1) K-K7, K-B4. (2) B-Kt2, K-Kt3. (3) B-K4 ch., K-R4 (4) K-B6, K x P. (5) K-B7, K-R4. (6) K-Kt7, P-R3. (7) B-Kt6 mate.

If (3) . . K x P. (4) K-B6, K-R4. (5) K-Kt7, P-R3. (6) B-Kt6 mate.

D: Without d7: (1) Q-Kt3 ch., R-B5. (2) Q-R2, P-B7 mate. With d7: (1) Q-Kt3 ch., R-B5. (2) Q-Q1 ch., R-Q5. (3) Q-B3 ch., R-K5. (4) Q-R5 ch., R-K4. (5) Q-B7 ch., R-K3. (6) Q x P ch., R-Q3. (7) Q-KB7 ch., R-K3. (8) Q-R5 ch., R-K4. (9) Q-B3 ch., R-K5. (10) Q-Q1 ch., R-Q5, etc.

E: (1) K-Q4, Kt-K2. (2) Kt-B7, R-QB3. (3) Kt-Q5 ch.! Kt x Kt. (4) Kt-Kt4!! Kt x Kt. stalemate.

F: (1) P-Kt7, P-B7. (2) B-Kt7! P queens. (3) B-B6, Q x B. (4) P x R (Q) ch., Q x Q. (5) P-Q4!! etc.

Dozens of entries and correct (or near-correct) solutions. Wotava's pretty study, alas, is cooked (by 2 . . . R-Q3 ch), the discoverers being J. Ecelson, C. G. Hilton, J. R. Harman, W. D. Hancock. The latter two share the week's prizes with A. J. Bamford, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. Russel. Assiac

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THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

The Textile WHOLESALER helps the NATION

THE Wholesaler reduces waste of manpower, time and money. He provides a centralized service for the distribution of the pick of the products of hundreds of factories to shops in every town and village in the country.

By buying in advance of the seasons and holding large stocks, he provides a buffer against rising and falling prices. His stocks are invaluable, too, in meeting sudden demands. He aids the manufacturer by prompt payment and gives helpful credit to the Retailer.

The Textile Wholesaler plays a vital role in the economy of this "Nation of Shopkeepers".

This is the FOURTH of a series of four announcements describing how the Textile Wholesaler helps the Manufacturer, the Retailer and the Nation.

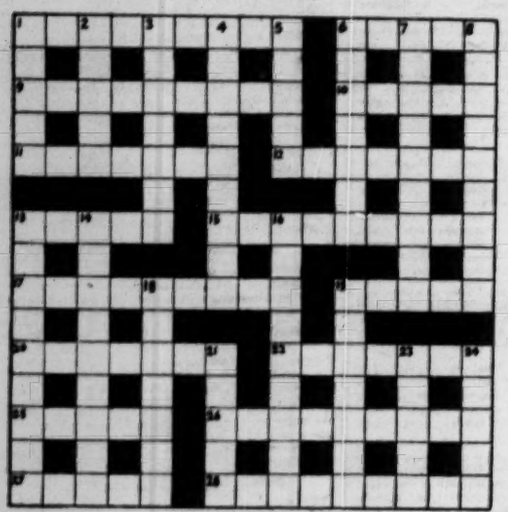
Issued by

The WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Tib. 310

Week-end Crossword No. 157

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 157, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 28.



ACROSS

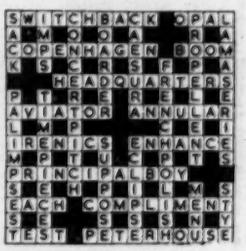
1. The first woman in the game to make a welfare expert (9).
6. Brush and what to do with it (5).
9. Vehicle for the soloist? (9).
10. Fairy-like part of oneself in the spring (5).
11. There is a flower in my power (7).
12. This philosopher carries little weight in post-revolutionary Spain (7).
13. Secret convenience (5).
15. A jester loves glitter distorted (9).
17. I am in America after a land in disguise but it is in Spain (9).
19. Beg a penny in prison (5).
20. A Foreign Secretary makes the coin change before the Chancellor is returned (7).
22. Footwear for the unsteady one? (7).
25. One who marries but already has children? (5).
26. The parson's work is to injure a centre-forward (9).
27. A whirlpool is the end of this animal (5).
28. Port in which a girl perhaps sees about the navy (9).

DOWN

1. A passionate place is the south in good times (5).
2. "Leave to Robert Browning Beggars, fleas, and ——" (Kingsley) (5).
3. Whereabouts in the garden the top is missing from the dishes (7).
4. Measures for cutting down naval establishments? (9).
5. Paradises for oriental studies (5).
6. It is peculiar for one to appear in scattered places (7).
7. Possibly faltered about nothing and got moving again (9).
8. Place in India where there is a bit of wisdom underneath the noise (9).
13. A scheme about mines being adapted for lowlanders (9).
14. Pointed out that with one alteration one might discover the candidate (9).
16. Without the boy over the street the politician would be absent (9).
18. There is a musician at the heart of freedom (7).
19. Hero who went to prison, as his name seems to imply (7).
21. Sways the metaphorically immovable (5).
23. Literature in which one page was revolting (5).
24. Journeys finishing on a certain day in the month (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 155



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 155

Mrs. M. Avery Jones (Colchester), D. A. Stark (Falkirk), D. Wendon (Lowestoft).

PERSONAL

FAMILY Planning Clinic. Responsible married woman required as paid lay worker. Wednesdays 6-9 p.m. Ability handle both people and money. Apply in writing to the Sec., 102 Earlsfield Rd., S.W.18.

FILM Production. Unique courses in the technique of live and cartoon Film-making. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

OXFORD Undergrad. sks. vac. job Jul.-Aug. Car driver, journalistic exp. Box 7683.

THREE plots of land for sale, Alderney. Suitable building or camping, rich soil, subtropical climate, almost no Income Tax. Magnif. views, France 9 mls. £200 the three. Trevor, 13 Lewes Crescent, Brighton.

FRANCE. Lady (part-time) interviewer preferably with car and resident in France to call on residential property on Riviera to sound out possibilities of new enterprise. Box 7593.

HOLLAND/Norway. Bachelor (50) seeks another (m.) holiday July. Box 7738.

MEDICAL Student with knowledge languages, driving, seeks interesting work at home or abroad during vacation. Box 7710.

FRENCH boy, 19, good references, wishes spend Summer Holiday in English family. French lessons, care of children, anything considered. Box 7879.

YUGOSLAVIA. Few vacancies in party to Opatija, Aug. 14-28. £32 10s. inclusive. Details: International Friendship League (NS), 3 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

COSTA Brava. Couple seek 2 passengers: Dover July 18, ret. Aug. 6. £9 each. New car. Tel. Bristol 78835.

YOUNG woman, trained potter and sculptor, desires employment abroad (June-Sept.). Drive car, teach riding, swimming. Consider anything unusual. Box 7492.

E.S.N. children. Qualified master L.C.C. E.S.N. School, will coach evenings, weekends, holidays. Box 7615.

"MAKING Pots": week-end course, July 15 (for beginners & others) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

HOSPITALITY & care for the aged or for convalescents. Garden, drawing room, central htng., lovely house, HAM. 2281.

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S, Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

NATURAL Eyesight Therapy (Bates Method). Mrs. M. Pearl, S.R.N., T.A., 40 Shandwick Pl., Edinburgh 2. Tel. 32354.

MEN wear Adhite shoes and be 2ins. taller. Normal appearance. Details: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, Ldn., E.C.1.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

SEAT wanted car to Blackforest/S. Rhine vicinity leaving London Aug. 12, ret. Aug. 27. Can drive. Box 7871.

BRUSSELS and the Coast! Fascinating fortnight's holiday, with 8 days' sunbathing at Le Coq and five nights in Brussels. £33 10s. July 24-Aug. 6. A few places left for Rome and the Riviera; coach tour of E. Germany; Czechoslovakia; Paris and Vienna. Send 2½d. stamp for free brochure to Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

GREECE in Autumn. Ideal weather for cruising and bathing. Personally conducted tours. Rome—Athens—Mycenæ—Epidaurus—Olympia—Delphi—Crete—Rhodes—Naples. Sept. 1-24 and Sept. 29-Oct. 22. From 100*gns.* incl. Students 90*gns.* Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

COUPLE touring Europe July 22-Aug. 14 seek couple share expenses car. CLI. 5130 from 9-6 p.m. Box 7880.

CAR/pillion seat or hitch-hiking partners required. Geneva retn. July. Box 7659.

HELLENIC Cruise with G. S. Kirk, M.A., Lecturer in Classics at Cambridge, July 9 to 24, £82 (students £63) has still a few vacancies. Write now for details, also of other Hellenic Cruises (one by yacht) and of exciting art tours to the Prehistoric Caves of France, Classical Italy and Spain to Academic Tours, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

SEATS to Switzerland in Aus. A.30 avail. July 5. Tel. No. in reply pse. Box 7875.

MOTHERS take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Same arrangements for English girls for Continent from 6-12 mths. only. Book now. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

LEARN to speak French as in France. Box 6994.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL.beck 6655 for details.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

SNOWDONIA Univ. fam., 4 chldn., need help for August holiday. Pkt. money. Barnes, 68 Ossulton Way, N.2. TUD. 1780.

WHO would accommodate German girl (15, speaks English) during July? Moderate charges. Kubel, Leinerandstr., Hanover-Laatzen.

WANTED, Companion, with some nursing experience, for elderly lady. Modern house, South-east coast town. Box 7719.

LAST minute Continental holidays. Not mass-produced but individually arranged to all Continental countries; also rail and air holidays giving travel reductions with individual (not party) hotel arrangements. Special offers on Italy, Greece and the Holy Land. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd. (Department NS), 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 4114.

ITALIAN Sunshine: enjoy an Italian holiday in pleasant company with one of our parties to Italy. June 25, Rome and Positano (£67 10s. with night air travel to Rome), house party at Cattolica, Italian Adriatic, departures July 17, 31, August 14 and 28, from £28 15s. for 15 days' holiday. Explore Italy by private motor coach (September 3). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

YES, I do take photographs (especially of children) at home, so if MAL. 3200 is unanswered, please remember WEL. 6655, who will take a message for Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

SUNBATHING. A small camping club with sunbathing facilities invites new members, especially young couples. Ideal for genuine naturist campers, quiet and friendly. Entrance fee 10s., membership 10s. a year. Watford/Rickmansworth area. Box 7671.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

DEVON holiday at minimum cost for family parties. Accom. large house 10 mins. sea Teignmouth. Adults £2 p.w., children 25s. Similinter, 32-4 Rupert St., W.1. WHI. 6411.

SWISS Tour (Vevey-Locarno) July 23 to Aug. 6, air travel; Yugoslavia or Italy Aug. 28 to Sept. 11, partly by air. E.L.B. Tours, 154, Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide and programme from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

CHILDREN'S Holiday in Devon. Of interest to parents unable to be with children during holidays. A large house and garden, specially equipped for children, good food, perm. supervision, within few mins. sandy beach. For details please write Similinter, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

PARIS: 7 days for 11*gns.* inc. air travel. Yugoslavia: 14 days for 30*gns.* Vienna: 14 days for 26*gns.* Tour of Denmark: 14 days for 28*gns.* These and other holidays from Youth Holidays, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

BASQUE Tour: 15 days July 22, 20*gns.* approx. Few seats. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.5. PRI. 4068.

LAST vacancies Grand Austrian Tour by air and coach, July 30 to August 14. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

ANGLO-French couple offer chalet delightfull rural country 22 miles South London to cheerful, travelled person, fluent French an advantage, preferably writer or artist—ideal Summer retreat, garage available, buses outside gate, electric trains 5 minutes' walk; in return occasional companionship. Box 7678.

INTERESTED in forming Readers' and Writers' Discussion Group, congenial meeting-place London? Box 7620.

HOUSE Party Aug. for youngish people of all interests. Eastbourne. Box 6740.

SPAIN for the Harvest Festival. Personally conducted tour Barcelona, Sitges, Valencia, Granada, Malaga, Jerez, Sevilla, Torremolinos, Cordoba, Toledo, Madrid. 1st class hotels, coach, 2nd cl. rail. Sept. 3-23. 95*gns.* incl. Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

MAN, single (48), offers services co-driver, Continent, good mechanic, assist expenses. Box 7792.

SPAIN, July 2-17. 30*gns.* incl. 2 seats in mixed group. S.a.e. Box 7951.

FREE hol. Beautiful Bavaria. Dble. rm., hospitality exchd. w. Lon. family. Allwardt Hopfen-am-See, Post Füssen, Bavaria.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

CARAVAN for sale, New Forest. Willerby trailer 16 feet, 3 Lattafoam beds. Vanesse stove. Gas. Box 7679.

COMMONWEALTH Club. Young men and women are invited to espouse a long-term cause. Please write Box 7835.

EXCELLENT dressmaker (Viennese 53) seeks holiday post. Would do also housework or permanent. Box 7816.

ONE or two seats available Ford Consul starting July 15, returning August 4, Austria (Woerthersee). Box 7814.

FOREST School Camp (for boys and girls) are practically booked; but a few vacancies remain for girls over 15 only for camps, river journey, and mountain hike. Apply 19 High Street, Trumpington, Cambs.

AUSTRIA-Milan-Paris 2 seats car leaving July 16, returning July 30. Box 7857.

CAN anyone offer husband and wife seats in car to St. Ives, C., or nearby, about June 23-26. Pay expenses. 'Phone Wes. 6243.

TRAVELLERS abroad! Learn to speak the language of the country which you are going to visit on holiday or business. Short intensive Conversation Courses at the Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

TRANSLNS. Engl. French. D.Lit. expert sks. contacts authors, publ. Box 7747.

WANTED, small Bookshop with living accom. near Marylebone. Box 7680.

GERMAN conversation required by educated London man in exchange for English or for moderate fee. Box 7748.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

P.S. Do not despair. There are still a very few vacancies in Harold Ingham's Summer Schools Abroad and an immediate enquiry to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, may yet secure a place.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. The University of Birmingham invites applications for a Research Fellowship or Associateship, tenable in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Fellowships and Associateships are renewable annually and are generally held for a period of three years. Candidates are invited to submit with their applications an outline of the investigation which they propose to undertake. The Faculty would be interested in any project falling within the general range of the social sciences and in sociology, particularly in collaborative research on sociological aspects of population movement, into, out of and within the City of Birmingham, including coloured immigration and changes due to the redevelopment of the inner housing areas. Candidates may be awarded a Research Associateship (salary not less than £500 per annum), or if they have a doctoral degree or equivalent research experience, a Research Fellowship (salary not less than £550 per annum). Application should be made not later than June 30, 1955, to the Registrar, University of Birmingham, and should include names of two refs. G. L. Barnes, Sec., University, Birmingham, 15.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from honours graduates in the Social Sciences for the post of Research Assistant in the School of Social Studies, preferably to take up duties in August. Men graduating in July, 1955, may apply. Salary scale £450×£25—£550, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by June 30, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmaster, Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18 (Headmaster—H. Raymond King, M.A.). A secondary school for about 2,000 boys. The school is at present a grammar school, providing technical studies, which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school from September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmaster, to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with a substantial special allowance, at present £350 a year, but likely to be increased in relation to proposed increased allowances for advanced teaching. The school will consist of pupils of the former grammar school, including the technical branch, and will gradually expand by recruitment of boys of 11 plus from local primary schools and by transfer of boys from other neighbouring secondary schools. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, in academic and general subjects, and studies in building and engineering, including some leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applicants must have high qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Wandsworth) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 by June 24. (851.)

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited for a post in the Registrar's office. A knowledge of shorthand and typing is essential and previous experience is desirable. Standard of education not less than General Certificate. Salary scale £350×£20—£450 and membership of superannuation scheme on appointment to permanent staff; good holidays; leave this summer by arrangement. Applications (in duplicate) giving details of age, education and experience should be sent as soon as possible to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1.

RESIDENT Staff required for small Home in country town of Kelvedon, Essex, for boys and girls, 4-15 years, namely: Housemother-in-charge, minimum salary £375; Assistant Housemother, minimum salary £320. Both less £108 emoluments. Previous experience of similar work essential for Housemother and desirable for Assistant. Preference given to candidates with some training. Separate bedrooms. No accommodation for staff children. Pensionable posts with salaries and conditions under N.J.C. Scheme. Apply immediately, Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at Belmont Hospital, which treats cases of early nervous disorder and is run on the lines of a general hospital. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or other approved qualification. Salary and conditions as prescribed by Whitley Council (London weighting payable). Applications, stating qualifications, experience, age and present appointment, etc., with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent immediately to the Group Secretary, St. Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires for News Division (a) Senior Sub-Editors with sound sub-editorial training and capable of good all-round work including writing accurately and quickly the more important news stories for home and overseas bulletins. Salary £1,110 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 maximum. (b) Sub-Editors with sound journalistic experience and ability accurately to condense news of all kinds for use in B.B.C. news periods. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 maximum). Duties of all posts involve day and night shifts. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "962 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days. Candidates should indicate post applied for.

B.B.C. requires Production Assistants in Television Drama Department. Duties consist mainly of co-ordination of production teams and liaison with servicing departments and include assistance to producers in programme administration, casting, and rehearsing, selection of films and direction of film sequences. At closed circuit rehearsal and transmission they are in charge of the studio and represent the Producer on the floor. Good educational background and relevant experience in senior authoritative capacity such as Assistant to Director or Production Manager in theatre or films are required. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 968, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days

LONDON County Council. New County Secondary School for Boys at Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.2. Headmaster required for this new comprehensive school for about 2,000 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Appointment will probably take effect from January, 1956, for purpose of preliminary planning. The school will probably be in Burnham Group XIX (head's allowance £800). The school will provide for a wide variety of studies, both academic and practical, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education at both ordinary and advanced levels. There is ample provision for studies in building, engineering and commerce. There will be a deputy headmaster with a substantial special allowance and provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmaster will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/U.T.H. obtainable from the Education Officer, (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (Form TS 10B for those candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add.) Closing date for the receipt of applications June 29, 1955. (929)

THE United Nations Association invites applications for Meetings Secretary to the Council for Education in World Citizenship. The work includes obtaining suitable speakers on international affairs for meetings in schools, and the organisation of conferences for school children. Candidates should have a knowledge of international affairs and experience of office routine. Public speaking experience would be an advantage as well as a knowledge of committee procedure. Salary: £350 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to £450, with a London weighting of £26. Application form, to be returned not later than July 2, from the Secretary, C.E.W.C., 25 Charles St., London, W.1. Please enclose s.a. envelope.

PERSONNEL Officer (Woman) required immediately by C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Shoemakers, Street, Somerset. The successful applicant will be employed at a branch factory in Somerset employing 700 people. She will be expected to live in Street, where a self-contained fully furnished flat is available; she should be a country-lover, and if she were able to drive a car, that would be an advantage. University training in Social Science and previous experience in Personnel Management essential. Starting salary £550. Applications should be made to Personnel Manager, marked "Private."

SURREY Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointment as Vocational Guidance Officer to assist in advisory work for older school leavers. Candidates should possess a University Degree. Experience in Youth Employment work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary A.P.T. IV, *i.e.*, £675×£30—£825 p.a., plus London Allowance. Further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope, from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom letters of application should be sent not later than June 30, 1955.

YOUNG man or woman reqd. as resident assistant in London Summer School for foreigners July 15-Sept. 9. Some teaching, accompany tours, leisure activities. Box 7931.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social workers, man and women, for the extension of its intensive casework with problem families. Training provided. Details concerning salaries, qualifications, etc., from Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the posts of (a) Warden, salary £430×£15—£490 per annum less £108 per annum for residential emoluments, superannuable. (b) Two Assistant Wardens, salary £360×£15—£420 per annum less £108 per annum for residential emoluments, superannuable, at Newhaven House. This Probation Hostel with accommodation for 20 girls (ages 15-17 years) is to be reopened. It is approved by the Home Office and is under the auspices of an interdenominational Christian Society. Applicants should have an interest in, and experience of, the problems of adolescent girls. Please apply stating age, experience, and names of referees, to the Secretary, Newhaven House, 272 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N.11.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to Medical Examination. Applics., giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three refs., to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middx.

UNITED Synagogue reqs. lady administrative assistant in Social Welfare Department. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Minimum age 21. Salary £390 p.a. Phone EUSton 3655 (Ext. 24).

REQUIRED Organiser (man or woman) for small branch Settlement on Housing Estate. Also Warden's Secretary (resident); interest in Social Work an advantage. Further particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires a Cook-Housekeeper in September. Interesting and responsible job requiring imagination and personality. 25 men and women residents. Modern kitchen. Aga. Garden. Applications, stating age, training, etc., salary required and with particulars of 2 referees to Warden, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

TUTORS in Engl. reqd. for Ital. boys, Denmark Hill area. 5s. p. hr. Box 7715.

CASEWORKER, Social Science Diploma, required share pioneering work physically handicapped, rural and metropolitan Essex. Commencing salary £500 plus superannuation. Application within 14 days of publication of advertisement. Miss Buxton, 79 Springfield Rd., Chelmsford, Essex.

BRITISH Institute of Management requires Personal Secretary for Senior Executive. The post calls for a high standard of shorthand and typing and the ability to undertake committee work. Applicants must have had previous experience as a private secretary and be used to dealing with people at all levels. Some experience in the field of adult education would be an advantage. Salary according to age and qualifications. Please write giving full details to Staff Officer, 8 Hill Street, London, W.1.

NOVELIST (London) requires secretary, over 25. Good speed shorthand, typing. Must have good educ. and ability to write. Salary and hours by arrangement. Box 7490.

SECRETARY (f.) required Sept., for busy Heads of Co-educational School. Considerable responsibility in community offering unusual variety of work and interest. Discretion and high standard of English required. Apply: Kenneth Barnes, Headmaster, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

COPY-TYPIST, fast, accurate and with fluent German, required for international travel organisation near Baker Street Station. Good working conditions and holidays at reduced rates. Salary according to qualifications. Applications to Box No. 8580, c/o Darbys, 24, Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4.

EXPD. bi-lingual Engl.-German sh./typist with initiative reqd. by Exporters. Only applicants used to methodical independent work and typing considered. Box 7727.

SECRETARY to Director of Public Companies required. Shorthand. Education and qualifications of high order. Progressive salary. Box 7818.

PART-Time Organising Secretary required by progressive organisation. Start early July. Could lead to full-time post for right person. Write, Chairman, Room 10, 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

SEC.-sh./typist. (Conveyancing experience, good speeds) for Strand solicitors. Small congenial office. 5-day week, holiday. Commence £8. Write, stating age (24 or over), qualifications to Box 7921.

OLD-Established publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 7989.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

TRAVEL Agency requires man as Representative for duties abroad. Age 25-40, able to speak French. Must be available June 24-September 24. Write fully Box 7897.

BOX Office Attendant, evenings only, £3 p.w. Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PART- or full-time Shorthand-Typists & Typists; also someone expd. in running the Employment Dept. of an Agency. Box 7928.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WORDS in the News! Hold to Ransom: to retain until a ransom shall be paid: to hold up to gain a concession; put to ransom, to offer to release for ransom. (Fr. rançon-L. redemptio, -onis, redemption). You'll find it in Chambers's Dictionary along with 150,000 other references. From all booksellers 20s.

JUNE "Labour Monthly." Zero Hour Chance (R.P.D.), New Hope in Europe (Quaestor), At Bandung (Chou En-lai), Einstein's Place in History (J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.), Guatemala A Year Later (A. B. Magil), Maxton and the I.L.P. (W. Gallacher). "Guatemala"—Mural by Diego Rivera, 1st reproduction in Britain. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"THE Liberal Catholic." A quarterly magazine of literary quality. Critical, sympathetic examination of religion and mysticism. A stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Trial subscription, 7s. per annum, to 30, Gordon St., London, W.C.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS! Books! Books! Thousands of book bargains on all subjects, from all lands, at Collet's Giant Book Sale. Only one week to go—finishes June 25! Weekdays 9.30-6 p.m. Saturdays 9.30-4 p.m. Collet's Exhibition Hall, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1 (1 min. from British Museum).

WE buy libraries of any description; Penguins, etc., book club & review copies; books; pamphlets on Socialism, C.I., Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshp., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 31a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MISCELLANEOUS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Wd., Th., Fr., Sat. Evgs. 6.30. Tues. & Sun. 7. Mat. Sat. 1.30. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Membership 10*s.* yrly.

IRVING (WHI. 8657). From Wed., June 22, at 10.30 p.m., D. P. Chaudhuri presents "Soho So What," London's Only Late Night Revue, produced by Joan Swinstead. Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 19: "Edward & Caroline" (A). From June 20: Becker's "Antoine & Antoinette" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Jun. 18. John Garfield, Lilli Palmer in "Body and Soul" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.

INDIAN Film Festival. Six outstanding films from the second largest film-producing country in the world. Films with English subtitles, every night a gala premiere. Added attraction, dances by Kathak (Queen of India) Sitara. June 21-26, Scala Th., W.1. MUS. 5731. Box Office open. All seats reservable.

MIDSUMMER Dance in agreeable surroundings. Don Raine Young Orchestra. Refreshments, members' bar, etc. Sat., June 25, 8 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 3*s.* 6*d.*

I.C.A., Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat., June 18, 8-11 p.m., Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3*s.*, guests 5*s.* Membship. invited.

CONCERTS

GUITAR Recital—John Williams. Conway Hall, Holborn, June 27, 7.45 p.m. Tickets: Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourn St., W.C.2. COV. 0754.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* 6*d.*, post free.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2*s.* 6*d.*

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings & Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Japanese Art. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculptures lent from Collections in England. Until July 2. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1*s.* Mems. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice V. French 19th and 20th Century Paintings—closing June 18. Recent Works by Ben Nicholson—opening June 21.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Pissarro-Sisley Charity Exhibition with many pictures shown for the first time in England. Admission 2*s.* 6*d.*

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Katerina Wilczynski, drawings of London and the Mediterranean. French Paintings. Until June 25.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: American Primitive Art, 1670—1954. Weekdays 11—6; Sundays 2—6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Henry Moore drawings; Garbell paintings.

STRUCTURALIST Design by Hilaire Hiler, tectonic painting with contemporary furnishings. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Works by Victor Pasmore; Colour lithographs by Chagall; Paintings by Twelve Jewish Artists. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes June 25.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

KENSINGTON Artists' Annual Exhibition, Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. June 7-25. Weekdays 11-7 (Sats. 11-5). Admission free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. The Flamboyance of Italian Baroque Painting. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Pastels and Studies by Camille Pissarro. Paintings by Lawrence Gowing and Robert Medley. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. "Flowers of the Tropics." Paintings by Laura Fraser Lyon. June 16-29. Weekdays 10-4.30. Saturday 10-5. Sunday 2.30-6. Admission free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture by Emilio Stanzani. Paintings by William Goldsmith.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Porobic.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Objective Study of Crowd Behaviour"; Prof. L. S. Penrose opens discussion on his book. 8 p.m. Wed. June 22 45 Russell Square, W.C.1. Chairman: Dr. Norman Glaister. Adm. Free. Org. by Medical Association for Preventn. of War.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "The Recent Political Changes in Uganda," Lady Selwyn Clarke and Abu Maranja, Wed., June 22, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome, 2*s.*

EDUCATIONAL Psychology, Current Soviet Research. Brian Simon, M.A. (visited U.S.S.R. April, 1955). Mon., June 20, 7 p.m., at Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. & students 1*s.*).

SOVIET Commercial Arbitration. D. Collard. Tues., June 21, 7 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Arr. by Anglo Soviet Law Assn., Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. mems. 1*s.*).

WORLD Socialist Movement (non-party) 1st Public Meeting. G. D. H. Cole: "The Crisis of International Socialism," Conway Hall, W.C.1, June 29, 7 p.m.

"HOMOSEXUALITY and Prostitution: Does the Law Need Reform?" Jean Graham-Hall, Ambrose Appelbe. Public Mtg. Tues., June 21, 8 p.m., Chelsea Town Hall. Adm. 1*s.* (Chelsea & Kensington Fabian Soc.)

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., June 17, 8 p.m. Nina Brodiansky, "Turgenev Belinsky." Tues., June 21, 8 p.m., 1st perf. Katrina Kornakova (formerly Moscow Arts Theatre), "White Nights," Dostoievsky. Fri., June 24, 8 p.m., Mme. Devilliers: Bolshoi Theatre & its Traditions.

HOLIDAYING in Hungary? Yea or nay, question our Brains Trust Sun., June 19, 7.30. Also films. British Hungarian Friendship Socy., 33 Pembridge Sq. W.2. 9*d.*

BARBARA Castle, M.P. "What Next?" Hampstead Tn. Hall. 8, Wed., June 22.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, June 19, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse: Stuart Morris, "God or Caesar."

H. J. BLACKHAM. "When to repent." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 19, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri. June 24: Mr. K. Darashah, Readings from Indian Authors. 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

LONDON Natural Health Society—3rd Mon. each month 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. June 20: Walter Carrington, "Case Against Exercises—F. Matthias Alexander Technique." Admission free.

DISCUSSION on Hampstead's Open Air Picture Show, "Free for All or Selection," at Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead, at 8 p.m. on June 22. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. June 25 at 6 p.m. Mr. G. Gomelski: "Cinema: Art e Industria."

"THE Iron Curtain" & "Loser Takes All." Rdgs. by Cameo Players at Cent. Jewish Lit. Grp. Wed., June 22, 8. Folman's, Noel St. Off Berwick St. Vis. 2*s.* 6*d.*

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 19. Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "The Cult of Austerity in the Social Studies." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. June. 8.15. Tuesday 21. Ill. lecture: "Architecture in the Tropics," by G. A. Atkinson. Chair: Ian Leslie. Thursday, 23. Discussion: Alberto Giacometti with ref. to current Arts Council exhib. Speakers: Lawrence Alloway, Robert Melville, Toni del Renzio. Chair: Robin Ironside. Members 2*s.*, guests 3*s.*

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Adlerian Psychology & Education," Dr. Neil R. Beattie. Thurs., June 23, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2*s.*

IN support of S. African Congress on Human Rights, Tues., June 21, 8 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. S. African speakers. Chair: Basil Davidson.

PERSONALIST Group. Discussion Social. George Frankl on "The End of War or the End of Mankind," Wed., June 22, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2, 7.30 p.m.

THE Buddhist Vihara Society in England. The Ven. Pandit Mirisse Gunasiri Maha Thero. "Panca-Sila: First Precept." Sun., June 19, 3 p.m. 10 Ovington Gdns., S.W.3. All are welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Station), Thursday, June 23, 7.30. "India's Contribution to Culture and Civilization." All welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public Lect., Sun., 8 p.m., June 19: "Man's Divine Destiny."

YOGA. Lectures every Tuesday, 6.30, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. June 21, "Meditation in a Scientific Age."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

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ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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ENGLISH for foreign students, individually or small classes. Harrow Tutors, 30 Green Lane, Northwood, Mddx. Tel. 3279.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Education Committee. Summer Courses at Knuston Hall. 1. "Exploring Midland England," July 9-23, 1955. Visits, preceded by introductory lectures, to villages, towns, cathedral and university cities, rural craftsmen, famous houses, historic buildings, and other places of interest. Fees: 15*gns.* (7½*gns.* per week), inclusive. 2. "The British Heritage—Our Roots in Europe," August 20-27, 1955. Lectures and visits to illustrate the contribution to our national character, institutions, and the way of life which has come, and is still coming, to us from other European countries. Three full day expeditions. Fee: 7½*gns.* inclusive. Further details, programmes and application forms, from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Offices, Northampton, or from the Warden, Knutson Hall, Irchester, Wellingborough, Northants. (Tel. Rushden 2104.)

AFTER the Election. Fabian Summer Schools, Aug. 6-13: Oxford. Aug. 13-20: Farnham. Alan Birch, Maurice Cranston, C. A. R. Crosland, R. H. S. Crossman, Henry Fairlie, Douglas Houghton, Roy Jenkins, Ernest Jones, Richard Lowenthal, James MacColl, John Parker, J. Enoch Powell, A. J. P. Taylor, Fred Willey. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HOLIDAY Courses, Urchfont Manor, open to the public. June 27-July 3: "Thinking, Speaking, Writing." July 30-Aug. 5: "The World Since 1930." Aug. 6-12: "The Family in Modern Society." Aug. 13-19: "Writing for Radio." Cost: week-end £2, week £5 5*s.* Children catered for in August. Details: Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

AN INTERNATIONAL course on self-education and joyous living will be held at The Burn, Glenesk, Brechin (Angus), Scotland, from July 17-30, 1955. Course, full board, 3 one-day excursions by private car to some of the loveliest places in Scotland, £19 10*s.* For further particulars write to the Tutor in Charge, Dr. C. Gattegno, 225, High Street, Hampton Hill, Middlesex.

FREUNDSCHAFTSHEIM. International Peace Centre, Bückeburg, Nr. Hanover. Conferences, July 2-12, International Social Questions (U.N.O., Youth Work, Penal Methods, etc.). Aug. 3-13, Race Problems. Full cost 8*s.* 4*d.* per day, plus fares. Apply Brockleburst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N.3.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Enjoy a varied and interesting holiday in pleasant international company! House parties by the sea in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall, Wales). July 23-September 3. Cost from 7*gns.* per week. Special family reductions, supervision of children and opportunity for foreign language practice. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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INTERNATIONAL Holiday Course: July 6-20, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Also "Holiday Painting & Sketching," July 22.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THREE Junior Scholarships offered by Little Abbey School, Newbury, value £50 p.a. each, to boys under 9 on July 1 who are not already attending a similar preparatory boarding school. Exam. and interview July 7. Full fees £70 per term. Lovely country surroundings. Particulars: Headmaster.

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